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Zion's Herald.

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

The Outlook.

The archæologists connected with the New York Museum of Natural History have been exploring the old Indian burial places on the Bentley Manor estate of Staten Island. Nine skeletons have been found — the last that of a chief, with abundance of ornaments. Among the latter were the string of beads, the pipe of peace, arrow-heads of various patterns, and a bone-scraper. The finds have been removed to the Museum.

The Bonapartes and Orleanists were once powers in France, but their prestige has departed. The Republicans of that country only laugh at their folly. The tiger's teeth were extracted at Sedan, where Bonapartism made its last fiasco; and now the young Duke of Orleans openly renounces his claim to the throne. The chief parties suffering by this renunciation will be his impecunious camp-followers, who had subsisted chiefly on their loyalty.

The Hawaiian government has granted a subsidy of $40,000 a year in aid of a telegraphic cable between the Islands and the United States. They ask a similar subsidy from the American government. The two sums would insure the early completion of the work. The fear is expressed that as the cable would be made in England, the stock would be taken there. The short way out of the trouble would be to inaugurate the manufacture in this country.

Sedan, an ancient fortified city in the Valley of the Meuse, is celebrated as the seat of the Sedan chair manufacture and the place where the star of Napoleon III. set in blood. The chair, brought to England in the reign of James I. by the Duke of Buckingham, excited the indignation of the people, who declared it to be a device for making men perform the service of brutes; but the chair came into general use in 1649, and had a long and honorable run. It is believed the last one has disappeared.

The report of the work done in the post-office of New York city is a marvelous record of enterprise. The total number of pieces of mail-matter handled during the year was 1,387,898,897, with a daily average of 3,802,463; being an increase over the previous year of 51,673,130. The aggregate business in the money-order department amounted to $97,020,077. The total receipts of the office were $7,254,984, and the total expenditures were $2,972,126 (including $1,318,506.02 for free delivery service), giving a net revenue from the office of $4,282,857.

On the 30th ult. the Duke of Argyll was married to his cousin, Ina McNeill, a member of the Queen's household. The Marquis of Lorne, son of the Duke and son-in-law of Victoria, was present, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, a cousin of the bride. The Duke, a man of letters and science, was born April 30, 1823, and in 1844 married Elizabeth Gower, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. His second marriage was in 1881 to the widow of Hon. A. H. A. Anson. His first wife was the mother of a numerous family, many of whom are distinguished for learning and ability. The family name is Campbell, which has furnished a long line of earls, dukes and statesmen. Lord Colin Campbell, who died recently in India, was the Duke's son.

In a spurt of independence the Sultan declared his purpose to submit to no "boss" in the Armenian matter, and appointed a committee of control. The Earl of Salisbury was very prompt to advise him to modify his Armenian committee by increasing the number to seven members, three of whom were to be selected by the powers. In his opening address to Parliament he significantly said the Sultan would find it to his advantage to listen to the advices of the powers. He will be likely to learn the lesson ere long.

New York is insular, and her way out is impeded on the west and south by the North and East Rivers. The East River has been bridged at the extremity of the island, and is to be bridged again between Grand St., New York, and Broadway, Brooklyn. Meantime, preparations are in progress for bridging the Hudson. The commission has just met to settle the details of the New York approach, which is probably to be between 68th and 69th Streets. The Secretary of War approved the general plan, and raised no objection to the settlement of the point of approach.

Under the firm hand of the Police Commission, the liquor dealers of New York city have found it wise to obey the laws against Sunday opening. They say: "We are obeying the law, though we consider it a hardship; we defer to the majority as expressed in the law, but we think we can convince the majority that the law was passed without full consideration of its consequences, and ought to be either repealed or essentially modified in the interest not alone of ourselves as a class, but of the general public." In plain terms, they mean to obey the law only so long as they must.

Every black man who makes a step upward on the ladder of civilization is an example and inspiration to every member of his race below. In so far as he succeeds in the struggle of life, he helps to obscure the color line. Daniel Scott was born a slave in 1838 on a plantation in Harrisburg, Va. He died the other day in Chicago, leaving an estate valued at $100,000. He was the wealthiest colored man in the West. Paul Laurence Dunbar, born in Dayton, O., twenty-three years ago, very dark, started as a bell-boy and is now editor of the Cleveland *World*. He is a poet whose verses find recognition and a place in the *Century*.

Several colored colonists, who went from Arkansas to Liberia, have just returned to Philadelphia with a sad tale of their sufferings on the African coast. The ship took out ninety-seven colonists and dumped them ashore. Without resources, they were as helpless as children and experienced much suffering. Work could not be secured, and they were reduced to the necessity of subsisting on roots and the flesh of dead animals and snakes. A score of their comrades died of fever and the climate. It is the old story of incompetence. Emigrants to inhospitable regions require brains, tact, and temporary supplies, even more than brawn. Intelligence alone can master the African conditions.

The New Road Wagon.

The automatic road wagon has made its *début* in New York. Hilton, Hughes & Co., a large dry-goods firm, imported it from Paris to be used for the delivery of goods. The novel vehicle made its trial trip in Washington Square, New York, on Friday, in charge of Emil Roger of Paris. This carriage was entered in the race between Paris and Bordeaux, June 11. The motive power is petroleum. The cost of running it is less than a cent a mile, and the reservoir holds oil sufficient to run 75 miles. The vehicle is entirely safe and under the perfect control of the conductor. The trial proved a complete success. This new road carriage is soon to be manufactured in this country. William Steinway, of Brooklyn, while on a visit in 1888 to Germany, purchased the American patent of the Gottlieb Daimler petroleum motor, manufactured at Stuttgart and Cronstadt. It was Steinway's intention to equip them for the surface-roads on Long Island, but electricity was finally substituted. The large plant built on Long Island has thus far been devoted to the manufacture of motors for pleasure and tug boats. The company has just completed arrangements for the manufacture of the Daimler motor carriage, of which 400 are already in use in Paris. The carriage will take six persons and attain a speed of 15 miles an hour, at a cost, for one horse power, of one cent an hour. Mr. Steinway has 100 men at work; the force will soon be raised to 300. The Company is overwhelmed with orders. With the new motor carriage, the horse will almost vanish from our streets.

The Beetle Pest.

The army of the potato beetle seems to be well-nigh irrepressible. Over other species of insects the entomologists have, at least, partial control; but the beetle has, so far, been too much for their science. The only means of extermination, thus far found, is Paris Green. The pest has its periods of activity and quiescence. The present year has been characterized by its activity. In some places its presence has been intolerable. On Long Island many fields have been desolated by its rapacity. The wide and irregular migrations of the beetle are both curious and mysterious. So long ago as 1819 this strange insect was found by Thomas Say while engaged in a government survey in what is now Colorado. It lived on a species of the wild potato plant. It had never been discovered farther east, and for many years it was regarded as having its habitat solely in the desert near the Rockies. But in 1864 its migrations into Kansas, Missouri, and the regions farther east began, so that in a few years thereafter the path of desolation extended to the Atlantic Ocean. On Long Island this season these pests have moved in vast numbers from field to field, insomuch that the trains on the railroads crossing their path have been impeded by the millions crushed on the tracks. The destruction of an army of them, however, does not seem to diminish their numbers. A new army springs as it were from the ground to replace the ones destroyed, for this beetle is amazingly prolific. Its eggs are laid in nests of ten or twenty on the under side of the leaf of its favorite plant, where in the warm atmosphere they are hatched in a few days. The process is repeated no less than three times in a season. Hence in a short time millions proceed from a common centre. Before precautions can be taken, every plant in the field is alive with the intolerable pest. The strangest thing is that, thus far, no better remedy for the evil than Paris Green has been found, though scores of naturalists in their experiment stations are seeking a less dangerous and more efficient antidote.

Possible Dearth of Paper Material.

Within the past half-century the growth of paper manufacture has been simply enormous. The new uses to which paper has been applied are hardly more remarkable than the new material employed in the manufacture. The selected rags of the good housewife are no longer indispensable. A hundred years ago the suggestion of the use of wood for paper would have been regarded as extravagant and visionary; but what was once unbelievable has become a common matter of fact. Wood holds the most important place in the making of many kinds of paper. The fear now indulged is that the kind of wood most in use will become exhausted. Spruce is the best lumber for the production of pulp. The quantities of spruce used each year for paper stock are almost incredible. At the rate we are proceeding, the spruce forests in the United States will be cut away in a few years. New forests grow too slowly to afford hope of a supply at home. And this, in turn, raises the question of new sources. There are some forests in Canada and in Norway, but the great spruce forests of the world — the only ones, indeed, at all adequate to meet the future demands of the paper manufacturers are found in Siberia, a region hitherto inaccessible to commerce by ship or rail, but now being opened by the trans-Siberian railway. The expense of transportation over so great a distance would yet prove a strong barrier to the use of Siberian lumber; it would possibly make the transfer of the paper manufacture of the world to Siberia indispensable. But even the Siberian source of supply would not prove inexhaustible. The Siberian forests would in time be cut away and some substitute for spruce would have to be sought. So far as we can now understand, this would not prove an easy task; for, though other woods can be used, none is, for this purpose, equal to spruce. Still, we have no reason to doubt that the advance of science and the ingenuity of man, which have opened up so many resources to meet the material and spiritual needs of the race, will discover some substance to be used for the manufacture of paper stock when the spruce forests of both the United States and Siberia shall have disappeared.

Voting Machines.

Above any other State in the Union, New York has suffered from the corruption of the ballot, and her better leaders are determined, if possible, to secure the best attainable results by the use of some mechanical contrivance for regulating and counting the ballots. To secure this end two voting machines have been invented and brought to the consideration of the law-makers — the McTammany and the Myers machines. For the purchase of the patent to the former, a bill is now before the legislature, with an appropriation of $25,000 attached. Meantime the Myers has had a successful trial in the Mt. Vernon municipality, New York city; and in view of this success, many of the friends of the new method are in favor of enlarging the powers of the legislative commission, so as to allow it to purchase the best machine, whether it be the McTammany, the Myers, or any other. Those in favor of amending the bill claim that the Myers invention has certain important advantages over the McTammany. We mention two of them: The McTammany requires a hand, after the vote is cast, to complete the action, while the Myers movement is automatic throughout. The work of the voter is taken on to the end without any voluntary interference from either himself or another; the machine takes up and completes the work of the man, and guards in the whole process against any corruption of the ballot. Mechanical honesty, at least, is in this way secured by the Myers contrivance. Another advantage claimed for the Myers is that the names of the candidates are before the voter on the machine, so that he cannot well be mistaken, and he can vote for no more than are on the list. In this way the preliminary part of the work is performed for him, his hand being so guided that he comes up to his task in the proper way; he is told, as it were, what to do, and he can do nothing else. With the McTammany, on the other hand, he has to carry in his memory the names of his candidates, and, if they be numerous, he is in danger of getting them mixed or of substituting other names. And, in addition, he can vote for more than the legal number of candidates. To be sure, the extra and illegal ballots are known, and can be cast out, but here enters the element of danger, in however small a degree. For these reasons it would seem to be best to enlarge the scope of the commission, and allow it to purchase the best machine. In the Myers we seem to have a mechanical decalogue—a machine which cannot be bribed or deceived, but which performs its inevitable duty in the face of friend and foe alike.

Our Contributors.

IN HOLY LANDS.

X.

Rev. C. L. Goodell.

OUR ride today is across the plain variously known as the Plain of Esdraelon by the Greeks; Jezreel in Hebrew, and Armageddon in the Revelation. Our view of the land forever hallowed by His footsteps, whose advent was heralded by "peace on earth," opens today with a battle-field.

The Battle-field of the East.

Sadly true it is,—

"What man could do man hath well done
To blot with blood and tears His track divine,
To sweep His holy footsteps from His earth.
In steel and gold, splendid and strong and fierce,
Host after host under that mount has marched
Where He sat saying, 'Blessed the peacemakers.'
In rage and hatred host with host has clashed
There where He taught, 'Love ye your enemies.'
Banners which bore His cross have mocked His cross,
Scattering His land with slain; till now at last
Truly the sword, not peace, is what He brought."

Through the paved streets of the city where He lived, over the white, worn cliffs where He walked for thirty years as boy and man, I toiled to the summit of the hill on whose sunny slopes cluster the white-walled houses of Nazareth. Wrapped in the purple and brown of an autumn day, I saw the great plain whose story I am to tell. Still it lay — asleep in the sun. Gone the chariots and horsemen; hushed the clash of arms, the twang of the bow, the swish of the arrow. Blue and warm are the heavens which lashed it once with an icy tempest. Only a narrow part in the rushes where once the Kishon swept into its angry bosom an army, horse and foot. We are facing the south; ten miles across the arm of the plain to the west is Carmel, sloping on this side to the valley, on that side to the Mediterranean. Most of the plain is south of us. Far across it is Jezreel, to the left of it Gilboa, at its base the spring where Gideon's faithful army met. Nearer is Shunem, behind its cactus hedges. Nearer still, Tabor stands out with gracefully-rounded summit, and Nain hides her dirty ruins near its hither slope.

Shall I paint for you one scene of the many which had their setting here? It is 1300 years before Christ. The tribes of Israel are gathering upon the wooded slopes of Tabor — an army of ten thousand men. Across the plain to the southwest the kings of the north with famous steeds and iron chariots are coming on, each host marching to meet the other. Deborah and Barak lead the first, and Sisera rides at the head of the second. The Canaanitish army reaches the many rivulets which fall from the hills of Megiddo into the River Kishon, which runs to the northwest and enters the Mediterranean to the north of Carmel. Just at this critical time Josephus tells us that a tremendous storm of sleet and hail burst upon the plain from the northeast and fell full in the faces of the Canaanites. Last year such another storm swept across the country and thirty-six dead pilgrims were brought into one village near Bethel. The slingers and archers are disabled by the rain, the swordsmen are crippled by the cold. The Israelites have the storm in the rear and are borne on by its very fury. The rain descends, the rivulets become streams, the Kishon is a torrent, the plain a swamp. Long I rode my horse along this bank to find, even in the drouth of autumn, a safe ford. What a place for iron chariots and prancing horses! A wild stampede results. Choosing the only part of the plain which offers hard ground, the fleeing army is met by Israel near the foot of Tabor and the ground is fattened by the carcases of the slain. On they follow after the miserable remnant. Of those fugitives none ever reached their northern fortresses. Deborah sings truthfully in that matchless song, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming?" But far away, horse, chariot and rider lay — "in one red burial blent."

Across this plain is the great thoroughfare between Egypt and Damascus. Here Josiah waited for Necho, the Egyptian, as he marched toward Assyria, and, waiting, found his death. Near by, at Fuléh, in the days of the Crusaders, Saladin wrested the castle from the Knights, Hospitallers and Templars, after their defeat at Hattin. When the French under Napoleon invaded Syria, hoping to conquer the East, Kleber fought here the famous battle of Mt. Tabor. History has it that with 1,600 men he held in check 25,000 Syrians until Napoleon came across the plain from the sea with 600 men, and the Syrian host was defeated there by the springs of the Kishon. But French history does not record what was the fact, that 25,000 men of Lebanon joined Napoleon that day for the destruction of the Turk. At Acre, on the northern edge of this plain, Napoleon's Eastern scheme was settled. That city held out successfully against his siege and he turned back to Egypt. A little later he sailed for France and left poor Kleber to the assassin's dagger.

Such, in brief, is the story of the plain where Canaanite, Midianite, Amalekite, Philistine, Israelite, Egyptian, Syrian, Greek, Roman, Saracen, Crusader, have camped, and, striking their tents, wet with the dews of Tabor and Hermon, have passed on to victory or defeat. But all of them together did not mean so much for the world as the passage across it, through the mire on a winter's day, of two peasants from little Nazareth; for one of them who crossed this plain that day was she, the fairest of her kind, Mary of Nazareth, —

"Bearing us Him who made our Christendom,
And came to save the earth, from heaven His home."

Let me mark a little His track across this plain. On its eastern border, a half-hour's ride from Shunem, is a shapeless cluster of ruins, and a few dirty and fanatical Moslems hide among them; but a story of immortality is whispered here by the tall grass and the nebbuk thorns. Here a great battle was fought without musket or sword or banner; here for once the fingers of death were unloosed, and the grave was cheated of a victim after his feet had slipped in. It is pleasant to find that the one thing that has escaped the tooth of time in this hallowed spot is the thing that made it holy. Yonder are the rock-hewn tombs, and they are well preserved.

This is Nain,

and here it was that the Conqueror of the tomb first set up His banner. Can you think of a more tearful sentence than this? — "There was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Can you thing of a happier one than this? — "And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother." The cry of rage, of pain and despair, has echoed long over this plain; hear now this last echo, every wearer of black! If you forget all other memories of this historic plain, keep this.

Go on, Moorzhan, my Arab steed! It is hot, so hot! I can see the cactus hedges of Shunem. A good women lived there once, and her son, crossing this very field on such a day as this, cried: "My head! my head!" and they carried him fainting to his mother. Mother and prophet are gone; get me to the shade before it is too late. I found at Shunem an interesting fact concerning Oriental hospitality: Each village has a "guest-house," to which any stranger can go on entering the town and find shelter and humble fare for himself and his beast. The guest-house is cared for in succession by the different families of the town. The stranger can stay two days and no questions asked; the third day the sheik of the village inquires the cause of his detention, and considers his case. Are we in America even as hospitable as that?

Shunem on the outside is rather pretty, with its hedges and vines, but the people and the streets are filthy. Many women are at the fountain, but among them all there is no fair Abishag for David, nor sweet Shulemite of Solomon's Song. Alas! shall I tell it? As I rode along the street I caught sight of a woman mending the roof. A clod of dirt which she threw at me just grazed my helmet and left a dark stain on my saddle. It may be that the stain on my saddle has struck through to my disposition, for I don't like the women of Shunem.

Now a short ride across a little arm of the plain, and we will have our lunch at the

Fountain of Jezreel,

which the Arabs call Ain Jalud, from a mistaken notion that this was the scene of the contest between David and Goliath. This is the famous spring where Gideon tested the men who were to go down against the Midianites. He had already sent back the fearful, now he sends back the rash. The test proposed was not a vagary, but it had behind it every sanitary reason. To take up the water in one's hand was the only proper way in that country, in view of the heat and the presence of animal life in the water. A company of shepherds came to the spring as we sat there at lunch, and I noticed that every one drank in the manner adopted by Gideon's three hundred. The spring is very beautiful. It gushes out with copious flow from under the mountain, and runs down the valley toward the Jordan. It abounds in small fish, and they came readily to the surface to get the crumbs we threw to them. The basin of the spring is about two hundred feet long by forty feet wide. It was near this spot that Saul's army was encamped the night he skulked away to Endor. He got no more solid satisfaction out of his trip than people who seek help from similar sources in our time. He stirred up more spirits than he cared to see, and got as little comfort from the next world as he had from this.

A discussion as to the location of Bethshan, where Saul's body was fastened; a last piece of goat meat; a handful of dried figs, washed down with a final glass of the sparkling waters from the pool below; a dash for a young eagle that flew out from the rocks just above our heads — and we are off for Jezreel.

I must leave Jezreel, with its dogs, ancient and modern, human and canine, for another letter. As we race across the plain to its ancient walls I recall an old-time race from Carmel, away yonder by the sea, to the same destination. The man who has carried the keys of the clouds for three long years has unlocked them. The heavens are black. It is a race for Jezreel between a king in a chariot, a prophet on foot, and a storm on wings, and the storm has it! Ah! but this plain has known many things of God and men, and we do well to lay our ear close to it and listen!

Boston, Mass.

HE KNEW NOT HIS POWER.

He toiled on the street for his daily bread,
Jostled and pushed by the surging throng.
"No one has time to watch," he said,
"Whether I choose the right or the wrong;
No one can be by me misled."

He chose the wrong, and thought no one cared:
But a child lost that day his ideal of strength;
A cynic sneered at the soul ensnared;
A weak man halted, faltered, at length
Followed him into the sin he had dared.

— Geo. Lee Burton, in *Sunday School Times*.

METHODISM AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

Dr. David H. Wheeler.

IN common with other evangelical bodies Methodism has only

A New Testament Economic Creed.

Few of us, however, find in the New Testament any antagonism to property, either inherited or honestly gained, and no more definite doctrine of "division" than can be rationally deduced from the Golden Rule. We find all incidental applications of that Rule which are made in the Scriptures to be consistent with the custom of private ownership of worldly goods. The communism of the early church at Jerusalem consisted in helping each other by *selling* their possessions. It was a case of large-hearted benevolence; and in the case of Ananias, Peter emphatically recognizes the right of the former to keep or give, but not to lie about his giving. Our Lord sought to repress worldliness, avarice and covetousness. He declines to settle a property dispute — "who made Me a judge?" All the allusions to possessions — and they are not a few — in the New Testament recognize private property.

When we come to apply the Golden Rule, it is clear that right applications to property possession must be voluntary; there is no authority for State enforcement of that rule of action. And so most of us agree that the laws of ownership and contract are Christian, while abuses of these laws are emphatically unchristian. It follows that Methodists are not socialists in the scientific sense of that term.

The existing social order is the work mainly of Christian men. It is less good than we would have it if we could control it. We believe its principles to be sound, and we are ready to make war upon any clearly-proved abuses side by side with anybody. All our eyes are open to the vast growth of wealth, to the dangers arising from such of this growth as is gathered into few hands; but very few of us believe that the individual freedom condensed into the law of contract is a serious menace to the well-being of the less fortunate. If the paupers have increased among us on this side of the Atlantic, the increase has come from the other side. We doubt the statement that there has been an increase of the poor — distinguishing them from paupers — for the pauper is born so and remains so. On this point more than one representative of the complainant groups of people has affirmed that the evil is that "Labor does not get its just share." Some Methodists believe this is a true indictment; others do not. It is not by any means an axiom, but merely a matter of fact to be proved, and proof is difficult. A large part of the wealth of the wealthy is "in supposition," like that of the Merchant of Venice, and poverty is a relative term. It is an immense fact that the incomes of skilled laborers, on the average, surpass the average of the professional classes; and Methodism has borne an honorable part in this great uplift of the rewards of industrial ability.

Methodism has always stood very close to the poor. It was, fifty years ago,

The Church of the Poor.

If there has come a change, it is because Methodism has made Methodists rich. Our wealthy members were, nearly all of them, poor boys. Under a free government they have grown wealthy by ability, economy and abstinence from expensive vices. Our people pay nothing towards the seven-hundred-million drink bill of the nation. The other vice bills cost fully as much, and Methodists do not pay a cent to liquidate them. If these fourteen hundred millions were annually saved, the saving would abolish more poverty than any socialistic scheme.

Our Methodist theory — we do not monopolize it — is to equip a man with character — with prudence, sobriety and economic habit. John Wesley began it and lifted his poor converts into comfort; some of them rose later to affluence. Dealing with individuals, John Wesley's "Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can," deeply affected the character of Methodists in both worlds.

But we still have and still welcome the poor, and cheerfully go about abolishing their poverty in the old way — by character and by charity. Probably no other Protestant church preaches to so many of the relatively poor — that is to say, of families worth less than one thousand dollars each. But we should not be doing good Methodist work for them if these poor did not make economic advance, recorded in better living or in more property, or both. Here and there in cities our task is difficult; on the whole, the old way is followed with success. We are almost necessarily individualistic in our economic spirit: charity for the needy, character for all. A socialistic scheme which abolishes the difference between the results of good and bad character cannot have much Methodist support.

The half-century behind us has made nearly all American wealth; and it has developed into terrible strength the American saloon,

Our Awful Economic and Political Octopus.

This saloon has, unfortunately, taken the place of the church for a considerable body of workmen, none of whom are Methodists. For the most part these people are not Protestants. They have not drifted away from *us*. If our people anywhere are richer, Methodism has by its influence on their character helped to enrich them. The "masses" do often referred to are mainly Romanist or unbelievers. Methodism cannot win them except as it won us — by the gospel of repentance and faith. We do gain from their ranks. This side of the labor problem is largely a Roman Catholic problem. It is not here intimated that there are no unhappy and oppressed Methodist workmen; the suggestions above made are intended to locate the larger part of the evils complained of outside of our church. Methodist employers are good "masters," our rich are marked for large benevolence, and a vast number of our poor grow into comfort and competence.

Any "great duty" which Methodism owes to the economic struggles of the day can be best performed by plain Gospel preaching, by teaching the simple Wesleyan economics above quoted, and by a sound conservatism in political feeling and action — a conservatism which will not part with liberty, but will welcome and aid any possible reform. In our opinion the State is for the man, not the man for the State; and to us the best good, the supreme object of striving, is not wealth, but likeness to Jesus Christ.

GLIMPSES OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

Prof. George H. Schodde, Ph. D.

IN these days when Russia holds such a prominent position in the public eye, the church of that mighty empire has not the least claim upon our interest. Although the characteristic feature of the Orthodox Church is its stereotyped formalism, and those in authority have for a decade and more been trying to realize the ideal of Czar Nicholas — "One country, one language, one church" — as can be amply seen from the persecution of the Lutherans in the three Protestant Baltic provinces and of the Stundists in the Southern provinces, yet Russia is the country of sects and sectlets, and both in number and variety the Dissenters relatively surpass those of any other state with an established church. The United States Census Report for 1890 made record of 143 divisions of the Christian Church in this land of religious liberty, yet were an equally fair count to be made of the religious communions of autocratic Russia standing in antagonism to the State Church, the number would probably be no smaller. The German scholar, Professor Zöchler, largely on the basis of native reports, claims some fourteen million religious Dissenters in the empire. Other statisticians of known reliability place the figures at ten to twelve millions. The Stundists alone number more than two millions in Southern Russia. The Russian historian Popodie recently wrote: "If religious liberty were permitted in Russia, full half of the peasants would go over to the Rascol [Dissenters] and half the higher classes to the Roman Catholic Church." Those in authority have an interest at stake in giving out false reports as to the number of Dissenters, but even they admit that there are millions. For many decades a Dissenter was compelled to pay double taxes. This piece of injustice has indeed been done away with, but it is still socially and otherwise a cross and a loss to confess allegiance to one of the many non-orthodox churches that honeycomb the empire. Thousands and thousands nominally adherents of the Established Church are at heart Dissenters.

The growth of this Dissent is not an accidental matter. There is a why and a wherefore that at least explains this. While it is true that the older sects were not called into existence by anything like a protest against the dead orthodoxy of the State Church, but rather, especially in the days of Nicon, by a refusal to accept the correction of certain apparent blunders in the liturgy and service of the church and for similar reasons, it is certain that a great deal of the newer Dissent has arisen from the desire for a more evangelical and spiritual Christianity than is found in the State Church. This is notably the case with the Stundists, the "Protestants" of Russian Dissent, who, in spite of persecution, are rapidly spreading a more Biblical Christianity in doctrine and leading exemplary lives, in this respect standing out in bold relief and contrast to the peasants of the State Church. The same is true of the latest specimen of Russian sect life, the Priksuds, of Esthonia, first heard of about seven years ago. They called themselves "Pril Koggudus," or Free Congregations, and in worship somewhat resemble the Quakers. They have no ministry, use the New Testament constantly, and in worship each speaks as the Spirit moves him, great stress being laid on the presence of the Holy Spirit. They lead model lives, abstaining from intoxicants and tobacco and inculcating especially obedience to the authorities and love to neighbors.

These facts show that within the seemingly dead mass of Russian Christendom there is a leaven at work that may possibly lead to a greater reformation. The needs of such a change are not only demonstrated by the extraordinary growth of Dissent, but find expression in the utterances of leading Russian thinkers and writers. Already in the days of Nicholas the litterateur Tschaadajen pronounced this judgment on his own country: "We are called Christians, but the fruits of Christianity do not ripen for us. I must with a heart overflowing with grief confess that our Christianity is entirely without results." A modern witness in the same direction is Ssolonjoff, professor in the ecclesiastical academy in St. Petersburg, who says: "It is only too true that the official teachers of our religion do not have a permanent or lasting influence on our people or on society." Tolstoi, in his Confessions, among other things says: "Russia with her millions of Christians who are such with their heads only, shows beyond a doubt that the degeneracy of her church is greater than is the case elsewhere in Europe. No really vital force in the empire is found in the church." The well-known Slavophil Jean Aksakov says: "The Russian Church has lost the spirit of truth, the spirit of love, the spirit of life, the spirit of liberty."

Evidently men in Russia, too, are beginning to think. In these days of cosmopolitanism of thought not even an imperial censor can debar thought and new movements of thought from entering this empire.

Capital University, Columbus, Ohio.

AMONG THE ROCKIES.

Rev. R. L. Bruce.

ON July 12, 1895, at 6.30 A. M., a company of forty-five Methodists started from Court House Square, Helena, Montana, for a trip to Hilger's, eighteen miles distant, on the Missouri River, and thence through the wonderful canyon known as the "Gate of the Mountains." The conveyance to Hilger's was by two four-horse barges, five private teams, and four bicycles. The morning was as fine as though made to order. The road was smooth and gradually descending for nearly one-half the distance, after which there was a steady but gradual climb of four or five miles to the top of the divide between the Prickly Pear Valley, in which Helena is situated, and the Valley of the Missouri. Here a fine view was obtained of the Belt Range on the opposite side of the river, the prominent object of attention being "Old Bear Tooth," which towers 3,600 feet above the river in picturesque majesty. A mighty canine is flanked by several smaller teeth, looking for all the world like the immense jaw of a continental leviathan. Now commenced a long descent to the river, winding down the bottom of a dry gulch till finally the intervale was reached and crossed and we drove up to Judge Hilger's ranch about 9.30 A. M.

The ranch is a typical Western homestead — a large, straggling, one-story house, unattractive on the outside, bearing evident indications of having been built piecemeal, but pleasant and homelike within; large, one-story barns and sheds, and innumerable outbuildings of various sorts and sizes dropped down here and there. In one of these was a beautiful tame deer; in another, three handsome but ferocious wild-cats. A large box in a running stream contained a plentiful supply of trout, intended for appeasing the voracious appetites generated by a trip on the river.

The Judge, a fine, large-framed, genial German, is owner and captain of the boat as well as proprietor of the ranch, and one of his handsome sons is engineer and the other fireman. Most of the party had brought their lunch along, and as the boat would not start till 11 o'clock, and the eighteen miles' ride in the cool mountain air had sharpened all appetites, it was soon spread on a table beneath the trees, or on the grass, according to the taste of the various groups, and the ample supply of food was very materially reduced.

The hour having arrived, the party embarked on the little steamer, the "Rose of Helena," which forms the only means of transportation on the upper Missouri. Every inch of available space was taken up. The bell struck, the wheel at the stern began to churn the water of the bayou in the mouth of which the boat lay, and we were off. But in about one minute we were on again — on a bar at the mouth of the bayou. The water being somewhat low and the boat deeply loaded, we were hard and fast. After an unsuccessful attempt to back off, a skiff was brought into requisition, a dozen or so of the men were taken off, the wheel was again started, the boat slid off, the men re-embarked, and we were finally started on our wonderful journey.

For about a third of a mile the river skirts the base of the hills, and then, turning somewhat sharply to the left, enters a narrow gorge between precipitous cliffs known as the "Gate of the Mountains." Evidently in primeval times the valley where the Hilger ranch is now located formed the bed of a great lake. When the Missouri first poured its waters into this basin they rose to the level of the lowest point in the Big Belt Range, which formed its northern boundary, and then, pouring over the obstruction, commenced the tedious task of cutting a channel for themselves through the limestone wall. In process of ages, by the gradual raising of the bed of the basin by the alluvium brought down by the river, and by the slow cutting down of the wall of rock, the lake was entirely drained, and the triumphant river flowed through the mountains unchecked.

In every large party there are sure to be a few headstrong ones. Ours was no exception to the rule. Some ladies (?) persisted in standing after having been warned that they endangered the lives of the whole party by so doing. However, just as we swung around the bend into the canyon, the current, which was rather swift just there, careened the boat so far that she took in a little water and gave the ladies such a fright that for the rest of the voyage they were fain to behave.

Now we entered on the marvels of this great piece of nature's handiwork, but one may well hesitate to attempt a description of its ever-changing magnificence. Each new turn of the river revealed fresh wonders. The walls rise from 300 to 1,500 feet above the water — sometimes perpendicular, and again at varying angles down to 60 degrees. Here, by some mighty upheaval in past ages, the strata have been forced up perpendicularly, and, the softer portions having washed out, the harder are left standing in parallel rows perhaps twenty feet apart and from fifteen to forty feet in height, like immense walls of stone built by ancient Titans. There the rock was more plastic when the upheaval occurred, and, instead of being rent asunder, it was only forced up in the centre, so that where the river has cut through, the strata present an arch-like formation. The limestone rock is full of caves of almost every conceivable size and shape. Yonder a great amphitheatre has been carved out in the side of the cliff, with a wall of rock sweeping round its outer rim, having a gateway in the centre appearing as though cut there by design. Within are growing tall evergreens, and the whole effect is pleasing in the extreme. Massive fingers of stone, varying in diameter from five to twenty-five feet and in height from twenty to fifty feet, point upward as though they would constantly remind us of the Author of all this grandeur, while the stony lips of the mouth-like caves seem as if about to whisper, "The strength of the hills is His also." On the right a cliff thrusts its head boldly into the current, and near its top, hundreds of feet from the water, a hole that must be at least thirty feet in diameter permits the gazer to see the trees and sky on the other side as through an immense window. A smaller one of similar character is called "The Star of Bethlehem." Away on the left, high up the cliff, is a natural archway sixty feet in height and one hundred feet in width. Here, on one of the cliffs, is a fanciful resemblance to an old man. Now, as the boat moves on, swinging round the bend, another cliff, resembling an old woman, seems to approach the old gentleman, embrace him, and retire again. At one place a rock ten or twelve feet thick projects into the river for eight or ten feet. We were assured that if two persons stood on opposite sides of this rock, and one of them should discharge a gun, the other would not hear the report, though there is no other noise in that vicinity. The shape of the cliffs is such as to throw the sound across the river, and only a faint echo comes back to the listener on the other side of the rock.

At last the foot of Picnic Canyon was reached and the party disembarked. This is a canyon entering at nearly right angles the one through which the river flows. Some of the company explored it for about two miles and found an ever-varying succession of wonders. Here a massive stone pulpit projected from the face of a beetling cliff; there an immense indentation in the face of the crag resembled a great well, and about midway of its height a massive band of rock swept around its outer edge uniting the two walls of the cliff and making the well-like formation complete, while above and below the outer wall had been cut away. High up on the right, on the top of the canyon wall, was a great bastion so perfectly formed that one instinctively looked for the mouths of the cannon or the sentries pacing their beats.

But the time would fail me to tell of pinnacle and tower, of buttress and dome, and of the innumerable curious and fantastic shapes into which the great and original Architect, with His implements of heat and cold, of drought and moisture, of wind and storm, has wrought and fashioned these mighty crags.

Our guide informed us that it was six miles to the head of the canyon, but two miles proved enough for our party, especially as the marks of bear claws were visible on many of the great pine trees, and specimens of their hair were plentiful where they had amused themselves by rubbing.

After a stay of two hours the whistle of the boat woke the echoes of the canyon as a signal for return. Two hours more were consumed in driving our heavily-laden boat against the swift current of the Missouri. We crept up the rapids just above the mouth of the canyon at a pace so slow that sometimes the motion could scarcely be observed, and about 4 o'clock found ourselves again at the ranch. Here a bountiful dinner of trout, chicken, and other delicacies had been provided, and at 6 o'clock the cry of "All aboard for Helena!" summoned a tired but very happy company to embark for the three hours' evening ride over the hills to the "Queen City of the Rockies."

If you wish to enjoy the most delightful day of all your life, go over to Hilger's and steam down the Missouri through the "Gate of the Mountains."

Helena, Montana.

THE STILL HOUR.

Spiritual Gifts.

Paul wrote to the Roman Christians thus: "I long to see you that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift." Spiritual things, if received, must always come as gifts. They cannot be bought. They cannot be sold. They must be given away. They cannot be accepted as compensations for services rendered; that would be making them purchasable. Simon Magus proposed to buy the Holy Spirit, but he was cursed for his impious proposition. God cannot be purchased, but He will give Himself away. Christ's love cannot be bought, but it can be had as a free gift. This is the glory of the Gospel. This is what gives Christianity the great advantage it has over all other religions. It conquers the world by its spiritual gifts. We are most like Christ when we are imparting spiritual gifts to others.

Christ's Miracles.

It is a noteworthy fact that Christ's first miracle was a voluntary one. No person asked Him to perform it. No one, so far as we know, expected Him to work a miracle. Afterwards He was, in a few instances, asked to heal humanly incurable diseases. But in the most of cases His miracles were purely voluntary ones. The raising of Lazarus, regarded as being His greatest miracle, was voluntarily performed. It was a surprise to His most intimate friends, Mary and Martha. It went beyond their expectations; it exceeded their faith; it leaped beyond their hope. And Christ's voluntary miracles accorded with His coming into the world. It was a voluntary coming. So also was the offering of Himself as the sacrifice for sin. On Calvary He hung as a voluntary offering, the free gift of His heart to sinners.

The Whole Family.

A growing evil is seen in the custom of Christian parents who do not take their children with them on Sunday to the preaching services, but allow them to think that it is enough if they only attend the Sabbath-school. Practically, such a course results in encouraging the young people to disregard a most important feature of church work and church life. It tends to lessen church-going. An old writer has said: "Though it was God's appointment that the males only should, at the solemn feasts, repair to Shiloh, yet Elkanah carries up 'all his house' to the yearly sacrifice. He would have his wife and children and servants 'to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His temple;' and you know what a great blessing succeeded upon Hannah." There should be a return to the good old custom of having the whole family at the preaching service.

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NEW YORK LETTER.

"Stuyvesant."

DURING this heated summer term, church work is suspended to a large degree, and pastors gather at seaside and mountain resorts, or go off across the Atlantic. Here and there, as at a camp-meeting or an Ocean Grove assembly, you will find a knot of them together discussing ecclesiastical affairs.

Chief among these discussions is the "time limit." Beyond all question the proposal to remove the time limit altogether has been gaining ground rapidly. If a vote were taken on it in the Conferences, I believe it would have a majority in all the Conferences hereabout. I have no faith that the removal of the limit would increase the average term of ministerial service. There might be as many charges that would keep a pastor longer than five years as there are now that retain one for the full term; and that is a very small proportion of the whole number. It is quite likely that there would be more changes at the end of two, three and four years than now; for, as long as we have a limit, it is considered the reputable thing for a preacher to stay the full term, and official boards say: "Oh, let him stay the full term; it may injure him to have him changed now." But with the limit taken away, and all appointments subject to annual revision, this sort of reasoning would have no force; and changes would be made as circumstances should seem to demand. At all events, an increasing number of preachers are ready to have the trial made. I do not think, however, that there is much favor to the removal among the laymen generally. If they thought the result would be as above indicated, they would not oppose it; but many of them seem to fear that it would be more difficult to get rid of an unacceptable pastor than now.

* *

Another subject of discussion is the "Hamilton amendment" and the "woman question" generally. This discussion in this region is of a mild and rather languid type. Nobody likes the Hamilton amendment, and very few indeed care to have it voted on at all. Dr. Baldwin, in a recent article, holds that it ought to be looked upon as a proposition by a General Conference believing that the women are eligible now, to give the laity and ministers of a contrary view a chance to put their view into the words of the constitution. Perhaps so; but most people do not see it in that light. The feeling against its introduction is very intense. On the other hand, there is very little objection anywhere to voting on the Baltimore-Colorado proposition, and thus giving another opportunity to put it visibly into the wording of the Second Restrictive Rule, that "said delegates may be men or women." If that is once done, it will silence all carping as to the method of accomplishing it. Dr. Buckley calls all appeals to the church to end the controversy in this manner "demoralizing appeals;" but an increasing number of our ministers see no demoralization in it, and favor its being done in what they deem the right way.

* *

The episcopacy, of course, comes in for its usual share of discussion. The remarkably able article of Bishop Thoburn in the *Methodist Review* is the subject of many favorable comments. The suggestion that the Bishops should have each their definite field for a number of years, and be held responsible for its efficient supervision, has common sense in its favor. Why should the able resident Bishop of New York have nothing to do with administration here, while the supervision of New York city is divided between two Bishops — one residing at Omaha and the other at Denver? Why should the San Francisco Bishop be brought across the continent twice every year to preside at two or three Eastern Conferences, and then go away, not to see them again during the year, but to have all questions of episcopal administration that may arise referred to him by letter or telegraph across the breadth of the continent? These are puzzling conundrums, and the talk about them is not likely to cease. If Bishop Andrews could have all the Conferences of the Second District under his care for four years, he would become known throughout their bounds, and could exert an influence which is now practically impossible. Such a plan is feasible, and could be enacted by the General Conference, and put into operation at once.

* *

I notice that Mr. Germond seems to be offended by references in this correspondence to the new districts of the New York Conference, and to the talk concerning them. He ought not, however, to "go" savagely for your correspondent, as though the views spoken of were my own. I merely reported what was said on every side; and the report was true. Now, as to Mr. Germond, he is a most excellent man, and great hope is entertained that he will make an admirable presiding elder. I have known and loved him for many years, and am among those who expect him to make a good record in the presiding eldership. And now, lest some one may think that there is some enmity to Dr. J. M. King in the remarks that were made about the "politics" of the New York Conference, let me say that if I were present at the next session of that Conference, and entitled to vote, whomever else I might vote for, most certainly the name of James M. King would be on the ticket. No man has fought more vigorously for Methodism, is better known among all denominations, or more feared by rascally politicians than he. I have no fondness for any internecine warfare in Conferences; but I couldn't afford to leave the names of the strongest men and best representatives off of any ticket I might make up. The New York East Conference honored itself in sending Drs. Curry and Buckley together to the General Conference, though they were at swords' points on many questions, because they were both really strong and representative men. So let every Conference send its best men. ZION'S HERALD'S proposition for "the elimination of the ecclesiastical politician" is in place. A unanimous resolution on the part of the preachers to vote for their best men, regardless of politics, would give us the right sort of a General Conference.

* *

It is difficult to find anybody at home in these days. A friend, calling at the Mission Rooms a few days ago, found Dr. Leonard on guard. Dr. McCabe was off in the West somewhere. Dr. Baldwin was reported "in the depths of the Adirondack wilderness." This is something new. I do not remember ever to have found him absent when I was at the Book Concern. I do not think he has ever been known as a son of Nimrod or a disciple of Ik Marvel; but perhaps he may bloom out in some new directions. Dr. Hunt seemed hard at work, but Dr. Eaton was on his way to the Pacific Coast, in the genial company of Dr. J. F. Goucher. Half of the clerks were away; and the Book Concern had rather a deserted aspect.

Well, may all who are away come back in strength and vigor, and may the fall and winter campaign of the churches against sin and Satan be the most successful upon which they have ever entered!

GOVERNOR McKINLEY AT CHAUTAUQUA.

THE Hon. William McKinley, the popular Governor of Ohio, an extract from whose address the other day at Chautauqua we publish below, is one of the solid and reliable men of the nation. During his long service in the lower House of Congress, he acted on important committees and maintained a level head in the discussion of questions which deeply concerned the public welfare and shook the nation from side to side. Like his friend, Hon. John Sherman, he has invariably stood for truth and justice on all national questions. The crazes of the recent past, by which so many public men have been affected, have never had any power over him. On the silver question, by which the judgments of many senators and representatives were badly warped, he remained perpendicular. With many of the best business men in the North and East, he believes in a protective tariff, and as chairman of the committee of Ways and Means, he formulated a Tariff Act designed to inure to the benefit of both capital and labor. If his party had been allowed to remain in power long enough to modify a few of the schedules, many wise men in the nation think the "McKinley Tariff" would have been a law greatly to the advantage of the whole country. But, by a marvelous political revolution, a sort of popular landslide, his party passed from power, and McKinley himself, living in a close district, failed of a re-election to his seat in Congress. But his popularity in the State at large remained unshaken, and he was chosen to the gubernatorial chair with an unexpectedly large majority, which at once made him, not only with the people of Ohio, but with the Republican Party of the nation, the most available candidate for the Presidency in the United States. For this great office he really has but two or three rivals, and his friends believe that among them he holds the winning card. The people, as well as the politicians, believe in him. They trust his ability and integrity. His failure two or three years ago, by the misfortunes of a friend, opened out to view the public man who held to honor and honesty, the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, when they seemed to be to his disadvantage. The confidence of the people is a great card for a public man to hold who is looking towards the highest place in the gift of the nation, and this confidence William McKinley by a long course of wise and honorable action in the public service, has fairly won. The people have always found him steady, sensible, and safe in counsel and action. A man with such a record in the past is not likely to weaken his chances for the main prize by unwise words or conduct in the months to come. A reputation that has steadily grown for many years is more likely in the near future to make accessions than to suffer losses. As is well known, Governor McKinley has long been an honored member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His mother was an able leader in the local church where he was reared, and the Governor himself is a good exhorter and was the successful superintendent of the Sunday-school until he left home for public life.

Governor McKinley is a great favorite at Chautauqua. Previous to the delivery of his remarkable oration upon the soldier, he spoke upon the

Hon. William McKinley.

same subject, with several other distinguished speakers, at a notable platform meeting. The address is so appreciative and inspiring that we gladly transfer it to our columns: —

"The old soldiers are assembled here tonight, but not with arms in their hands. They are here, thirty years after the close of the war, with patriotism in their hearts and with the determination that the Union which they preserved with their valor and sacrifice shall never perish from the circle of the earth. The war is over, it has been over now for nearly a third of a century. Its bitterness and its resentments belong to the past, but its glories are the common heritage of us all.

"What we need in this country now, more than anything else, is a revival of patriotism. We need that burning love of country which characterized not only the soldiers of the late Civil War, but of every war in which this nation has been engaged, from the Revolution to the Rebellion. We want, my countrymen, to have more respect for our flag. We want to love it at home as we have never loved it before, and we want to see to it that it shall command instant respect abroad upon land and upon sea. I wish we had more of the old fire of patriotism that burned in the hearts of the men who founded this government, and that burned in the hearts of the volunteers from 1861 to 1865.

"I remember an incident which I read in my boyhood days, demonstrating the splendid respect that was given in a foreign country to the flag of the stars and stripes. It was nearly fifty years ago, in Mexico, soon after an election had been held. The great crowds were dissatisfied with its results, and they went to the artillery barracks and took the artillery and the guns, and marched through the City of Mexico to endeavor to overturn the government that had been chosen. The widow of a former viceroy of Mexico, living in a house very near to that of the American minister, sought protection beneath our flag and under the roof of his house. And while the minister was assuring her of the protection of the American flag, the wild mob, with artillery and muskets, rushed into the yard of his home, fired, and a shot struck the cloak of the minister. He went into the house and said to Mr. Mason, then Secretary of Legation, 'Mr. Mason, put out the American colors.' And the Secretary, taking the colors, went out and stood on the piazza, the minister and he standing beneath the folds of that old flag, and at the sight of it that mad mob stopped as the waves are stilled when the Master speaks. That's the respect that should be shown our flag today, in every country and by every nationality of the world.

"We want more Americanism in the United States. We want a spirit that believes in our own country. We want a spirit that insists that we shall accept no governmental standards but our own, and that we will have no flag but the glorious stars and stripes. We owe the soldiers much. We never can repay them for their splendid and magnificent services. They gave the best they had, the best any man possesses, their own life's blood, to make this an indestructible union of indestructible States. We cannot pay them too high a tribute, and we cannot be too generous to those less fortunate than ourselves who may now be down in poverty. But, my countrymen, much as we owe the soldier of the republic, we owe more to that kind Providence who directs in the affairs of nations as well as in the affairs of man.

"I recall, as I stand here, that touching incident related by Gen. Sickles, of his interview with President Lincoln after the battle of Gettysburg. You will remember that Gen. Sickles had been badly wounded in that great battle. He had been carried to the city of Washington, and on the Sunday following Mr. Lincoln called upon him at his apartments. After making most anxious inquiries about his own condition he inquired of Gen. Sickles all about the details of the battle of Gettysburg. Finally Gen. Sickles turned upon him and said: 'Mr. Lincoln, what did you think of the battle of Gettysburg; what was in your mind before that battle came?' 'Why,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'I didn't think very much about the battle of Gettysburg.' 'Didn't think much about the battle of Gettysburg? Why, I thought that you and your official family were greatly disturbed when Lee came over into Pennsylvania.' Said Mr. Lincoln: 'Mr. Stanton was very much disturbed. Mr. Wells, the Secretary of the Navy, was very much disturbed, and they both insisted that I should go on a gunboat with the archives of the government, but I refused to do it. I had no doubt about the battle of Gettysburg.' 'Well, how can that be, Mr. President?' asked General Sickles. 'Well,' said the simple-minded Lincoln, 'I will tell you. Before the battle of Gettysburg I went into my little room at the White House. I got down on my knees and I prayed to God as I had never prayed before. I told Him this was His country, that this was His war, that we couldn't stand any more Fredericksburgs or any more Chancellorsvilles. And there on my knees I pledged to Him that if He would stand by me I would stand by Him, and He did and I will. And rising from my knees I no longer had any doubt of the outcome of the battle of Gettysburg.' So we not only owe much to the soldiers, but we owe much to Him who rules nations as well as men.

"But I am to speak tomorrow. I cannot delay this audience longer. I am glad to meet my old comrades, for the ranks are thinning out every year. Every annual roll-call discloses one and another not present, but accounted for, and the larger part of that great volunteer army sleep tonight within the low green tents whose curtains never outward swing.

"'Grander in gloom-stricken glory
Than the heroes who linger behind,
They will linger in perpetual story
For they died for the best hope of mankind.'"

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Kate, Detroit. — Have palpitation of the heart, which I believe is caused by dyspepsia. Can you help me?

Take Gastrine, a teaspoonful three times a day, after each meal. Twice a week a teaspoonful of Natrolithic Salts in a half-tumbler of water, half-hour before breakfast.

Geo. R., St. Louis. — Am troubled with pains in my back and shoulders. Kindly advise a remedy.

Take Medulline, extract of the Spinal Cord, in five-drop doses, on the tongue, three times daily, for two months.

R. C. W., Boston. — I suffer a great deal of rheumatic pain all over my body. Please suggest a remedy.

Take Febricide Pills, one three times daily, for two weeks. Twice a week take two teaspoonfuls of Natrolithic Salts in a tumbler of water, one-half hour before breakfast.

S. B. H., Columbia, Mo. — Ovarine, in four-drop doses, three times daily, on the tongue, for two months, is the best remedy for the symptoms described. Twice each week a dose of Natrolithic Salts is advisable.

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The Conferences.

N. E. Southern Conference.

New Bedford District.

New Bedford, Fourth St. Church. — During the absence of the pastor, Rev. B. F. Simon, and his family on their vacation, the parsonage was taken possession of by the parsonage committee and a very pleasing transformation effected. The dining-room was papered, painted and furnished with a new dining-table and chairs. The sitting-room was also renovated and refurnished. About $70 was thus expended, and the bills were paid by the Ladies' Social Union. The Union has also made improvements in the church kitchen and purchased spoons, tablecloths, etc., to be used in their work. The ladies begin another season's work free from debt. The first Sunday in August, two young men and one young lady were admitted to full membership in the church.

Middleboro. — Hannah, the little daughter of Rev. W. F. Davis, was rescued from drowning off Jolly Island wharf, Lake Winnipesaukee, Aug. 27, by the heroic efforts of Lawyer Raymond, of New Bedford, who happened to see the child in the water. Mr. Raymond was visiting his pastor, Rev. C. S. Davis, at Jolly Island.

Fall River, First Church. — The pastor, Rev. W. A. Luce, prior to September first, had not occupied his pulpit for eight Sundays, his people generously supplying the same for him. Mr. Luce has completely recovered from the inflammatory rheumatism with which he was sorely afflicted.

Fall River, Brayton Church. — The pastor, Rev. R. M. Wilkins, reports this church to be moving successfully along all lines of work. In July one person was received by letter. Recently two were taken on probation. July 28, the pastor baptized 6 by immersion and 5 by sprinkling; 28 young persons were also admitted to full membership. The Sunday-school excursion to Crescent Park, R. I., was a gratifying success.

Somerset. — An increased attendance on the services of this church very much encourages the pastor, Rev. W. F. Taylor. In the evening of Aug. 18, 7 persons were received into full membership from probation. One of these, a young lady of promise, enters Wellesley in September. The Epworth League is alive and helpful to the pastor.

Epworth League Day at Yarmouth camp-meeting proved very successful. In the forenoon an address was given by Rev. J. N. Patterson, of Chatham, on "Union of Church and League;" Rev. E. W. Eldridge, of South Yarmouth, spoke on "Why Join the Church?" and Presiding Elder T. J. Everett on "The League and Revival Services." These were all good and forcibly presented. In the afternoon Prof. Landon, of Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, gave an address on "Hand-to-Hand Work." Mrs. Smiley, of Ipswich, superintendent of the Junior League work, spoke on that theme. R. S. Douglass gave a bright description of the Plymouth Culture Clubs. Solos were interspersed by Mrs. Stetson, of South Yarmouth, who sang beautifully and effectively, and by Mr. T. L. Davis, of Quissett, who sang with much expression. In the evening Dr. Blakeslee gave his finely illustrated lecture, "From Venice to Naples." The whole program was well received. Rev. B. F. Simon, the district president, presided.

Personal. — This correspondent, having returned from his summer outing, would respectfully solicit contributions of items from all the churches in the district. It is a pleasure to him to receive such items. Send them while fresh.

KARL.

Providence District.

Arnold's Mills. — The fourth year of the pastorate of Rev. Richard Burn at this place is both pleasant and prosperous. The Methodist Episcopal Church is the only one in the village, and is attended by persons representing all denominations who work together in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace. On Sunday, Aug. 11, 2 persons were baptized by immersion and admitted on probation. There is a good religious interest.

Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting. — This meeting is unlike any other camp meeting, and just why it retains the name is not clear. There are no society tents or houses, and the beautiful iron Tabernacle, surrounded by artistic flower-beds and shrubbery, stands in the place of the old-time tent. A week of religious services is annually held which doubtless serves to give to this summer-resort a decidedly superior moral tone, and makes it a safe place for spending a vacation, there being none of the gambling and very little of the Sabbath desecration seen at so many summer resorts. The Camp-meeting Association have charge of the religious services, which are held in the Tabernacle during July and August. Distinguished preachers from all parts of the country are secured to preach on each Sunday of these months. The services of what is called the camp-meeting began Sunday, Aug. 18, and closed with the holy communion, Monday morning, Aug. 26. The preaching was of a very high order. There were a few great sermons with streaks of Gospel in them, but most of the discourses were not only great, but grand, being packed with Gospel truth; and it is but justice to say that the sermons preached by members of our own Conference were equal to any, and sometimes the wonder was expressed why more of our own men were not invited to preach when all did so well. It would be useless to mention any one specially, but the sermon of our veteran Bishop Foster will long be remembered by those who heard it, while the Sunday evening sermon of Dr. W. N. Brodbeck was a powerful presentation of sin and redemption, greatly moving the vast audience. The attendance and interest have been the best for years, and the fact that God will honor the preaching of His word as in olden time, was again demonstrated. The morning prayer-meetings in Trinity Church were seasons of refreshing, and we would suggest to other Associations that the substituting of a prayer-meeting for the morning preaching service is a grand success and is a good preparation for the two sermons to follow. Epworth League day was observed Friday, and the addresses of Mr. E. H. Scott and Miss Elizabeth C. Northup were much enjoyed. The annual meeting of the Association was held in Grace Chapel, Tuesday, Aug. 20, and the following were elected officers: President, S. O. Benton; vice-president, L. B. Bates; clerk, Jethro C. Brock; treasurer, W. V. Morrison. The board of directors was re-elected, and a committee was appointed to take into consideration a change in the charter and name of the Association. Rev. S. O. Benton had charge of the meeting, which is without doubt the best held on the grounds for many years.

Providence Preachers' Meeting. — Meetings will be resumed in the vestry of Chestnut St. Church on Monday morning, Sept. 9, at 10.30. All the preachers of Providence and vicinity are cordially invited to be present. The list of topics and speakers for the month will be published next week.

Personals. — Rev. G. W. Anderson is doing excellent work supplying for his brethren. The report of his sermon on "Heaven," published by a Providence daily, shows him to be bright, breezy and eloquent. Any minister needing a supply for September will help a worthy superannuate and confer a benefit on his people by employing this worthy brother.

Rev. C. A. Lockwood has very acceptably supplied Trinity and Hope St. Churches two Sundays during the absence of the pastors. Rev. A. J. Meyers has also acceptably supplied Hope St. and Haven Churches.

City Evangelisation Union. — The first meeting of this newly-organized Union will be held on Monday evening, Sept. 9. Two members have been elected by each quarterly conference in Providence and East Providence, and ten members at large are to be elected at the next meeting.

NEMO.

Vermont Conference.

St. Albans District.

Waitsfield. — Rev. A. B. Enright delivered the address at the Mad River Valley fair.

Alburgh Springs. — The new bell for the Methodist church arrived on Monday. It was swung into place Friday evening, and appropriate services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. S. Allen.

Stowe. — Rev. Mr. Van Deusen, of Cambridge, Mass., occupied the pulpit on Sunday.

St. Albans. — The octogenarian, Rev. G. W. H. Clark, occupied the pulpit very acceptably for two Sabbaths, in the absence of the pastor.

We had an agreeable call recently from Rev. J. A. Sherburne, of Barre, now in his seventy-fifth year and still in the effective ranks.

Alburgh. — A town Sunday-school rally was held at the M. E. Church, Alburgh Centre, Aug. 21. Mr. I. B. Miller, field secretary for Vermont and New Hampshire, Rev. W. C. Clark, president of the County Sunday-school Association, and Mr. H. M. Mott, of St. Albans, were present and gave interesting and helpful suggestions in regard to better methods of teaching and normal training for Sunday-school teachers. It was remarked that the program was fully as good as that of the average county convention. A town Sunday-school Association was formed and the following officers elected: President, W. A. Soule; vice-president, H. E. Manning; secretary, Mrs. Joseph Gallagher; treasurer, Mrs. Edward Reynolds; secretary of woman's work, Mrs. W. A. Soule. Dinner was served in the vestry, bringing the people of both churches together very pleasantly.

St. Albans. — The *Workers' Quarterly* of the W. F. M. S. announces that Rev. and Mrs. L. O. Sherburne responded to Miss Hartford's appeal and sent from the district parsonage an organ to the humble parsonage in China. April 20, Miss Hartford wrote of its safe arrival, and that it was to be given to Rev. Ding Ung, a pastor and her teacher, who learned to play the organ while instructing her.

Enosburgh Falls. — Rev. P. Merrill writes: "I long to join Bros. Scribner and Enright and all the blood-washed throng in the eternal city, where all is purity, exempt from all pain, and where we shall see our blessed Saviour in His glorious humanity. He died to save us unto the uttermost from all our sins." Mr. Merrill has received a letter from Dr. E. W. Parker, of India, dated June 7, from which the following is taken: "In the last ZION'S HERALD we noticed that you are still in confinement. I thought I would write you, thinking it might relieve the monotony of your condition. We sympathize with you, and are glad you have the comfort of Christ. We are well, and find work enough to do. God has permitted us to labor in India many years, and still, after thirty-six years in this trying climate, we are able to work every day. I have the senior agency of our Lucknow Publishing House. We are doing a very extensive work. Our Sunday-school literature amounts to 40,000 lesson leaves and 40,000 children's papers, printed in three characters. We publish a weekly paper, *Star of India*, for training of native Christians; a woman's paper for zenana women in two languages; a large edition of monthly tracts. We publish a large amount of literature for schools — school-books in English, in Urdu, in Hindi — and the only Hindustani Dictionary used in these Provinces. Our publishing house has excellent buildings. The Hindustani newspaper is edited at present by Mrs. Parker. I am still presiding elder of the Oudh District, the largest in the Conference, containing about 10,000,000 people. We are very thankful that God gives us health to carry on so much work. Bro. Robinson, associate agent of publishing house, is working finely into the business, so that I hope next year I may be relieved from this part of the work. My district work takes most of my time, especially in cold weather, and we hope in time Oudh may be revived equally with, or even greater than, Rohilkhund, where we labored nearly thirty years. We are trying to help our press by inviting persons to write a short tract for our people; then to send us thirty to fifty dollars to enable us to print it. Donations can be sent to C. H. Marshall, St. Johnsbury, Vt., and they will reach

[Continued on Page 13.]

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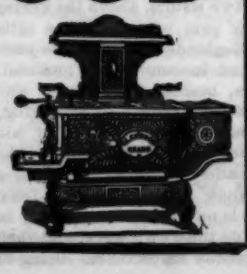

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In one of these pleasant, cozy nooks is located the BAY VIEW HOUSE, which has been a popular resort for the last sixteen years.

It is located within three hundred feet of high water mark, making a unique feature by uniting the velvet green of the lawns with the white sands of the beach.

The BAY VIEW is perfect in all its appointments, rooms singly or *en suite*, well ventilated, with fine views; rooms are all carpeted, well furnished, good springs on beds and hair mattresses; the corridors are wide and airy.

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All letters and telegrams asking for information, rates and diagrams, promptly and cheerfully answered.

Special prices will be made to parties who wish to make arrangements for a stay of six or eight weeks or longer.

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The Family.

SEPTEMBER.

Mrs. M. A. Holt.

Bright summer's crown — September fair —
When harvest songs float on the air,
And sweet, rich scents drift from the wood,
With breezes in their listless mood.

Along the lanes are strange perfumes,
In forests' depths snatches of tunes
Of birds that half forget to sing
The joyous lays of early spring.

The rock-waste and the weedy field,
That never fruitful harvests yield,
Are bright with the gay golden-rod
Which crowns with bloom the barren sod.

There are soft voices in the air
That soothe our daily pain and care,
And whisper in our willing ear
Faith's holy words, so sweet and clear.

O mild September, harvest queen!
Thy days that with ripe fruitage gleam
Are types of the dear life of rest
Beyond the bright gates of the west.

New Berlin, N. Y.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles;
See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.

— *Kingsley.*

* * *

It is not easy to ruin him with whom the pressure of Christ's hand yet lingers in the palm. — *J. H. Shorthouse.*

* * *

Have you learned the lesson of yesterday? or the infinite meaning of today? It has duties of its own; they cannot be left until tomorrow. Tomorrow will bring its own work. — *F. W. Robertson.*

* * *

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end! — *Carlyle.*

* * *

When God builds around some life a narrow wall, and bids it work its seventy years in that small circuit, if the wall which surrounds it is really of His building, it is because there its concentrated strength can work its best result. — *Phillips Brooks.*

* * *

Once having tasted of His grace the soul is never willing to be parted from its Lord. And as the years roll on, and the shadows lengthen, the cry, "Abide with me," becomes more pathetically intense. Blessed the man, as the mists gather around his feet and the sun is going down, who still yearns for this company! Blessed is he who, from past experience, knows that if Christ be with him, even the chills of death shall never extinguish the heart flame! — *G. C. Lorimer, D. D.*

* * *

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? — *John Milton.*

* * *

As the harp strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound —
All their music, glad or tender —
Firmly struck or tightly bound,

So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield,
Trodden scents their sweets respire;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense in the fire.

Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield,
And through suffering, toil, and shame,
From the martyr's keenest flame,
Heavenly incense is distilled.

— *Adam of St. Victor.*

* * *

Be not anxious when you shall die; God will care for that. Do your work, and leave the future to Christ. Be not sorrowful or fearful at the thought of death. There are many Christians troubling themselves and saying, "Am I ready to die?" That is not the question. Are you ready to live? Have you Christ in you, the hope of glory? If Christ be in you, He will take care of you. Live for Him, and all will be well in the dying hour. Whether you die at home or abroad is a very little matter; whether you die in the midst of friends or of enemies is of small account. Live for Jesus, and He will never forget you. If you live for the world, it may quit you; if you live for wealth, it may take to itself wings, and you may die in poverty; if you live for fame, men may turn against you; if you live for pleasure, your ability to enjoy it may pass away, and your senses grow dim; if you live for the mazy dance, your feet may be unable to move; you may love the sound of the viol, but the ear can no longer hear; if you live for the beautiful, your sense of sight may fail you; if you live for your children, they may be smitten down and leave you desolate, or, what is far worse, they may desert you, and leave you worse than childless in a cold and unfeeling world; if you live for any joy of earth, you may be forsaken; but, oh! live for Jesus, and He will never forsake you. — *Bishop Simpson.*

* * *

It is possible to mourn, and yet not repine; to be sad, and yet not unhappy; to carry solemn memories, and still be joyous and useful. Life is largely what we make it. We may call back images of bliss and gladness, and thank God that such felicity was once ours, thereby sweetening the present moment with the pleasures of bygone days. But we must not always be looking back. If we do, we are almost sure to go as we look. We must turn our vision sometimes to the future, and try to carve out from what is left to us a fortune for the coming days. . . . . God has promised that the reign of sorrow shall end. "God shall wipe away tears from off all faces." We may not stop our own weeping, but God can soothe us. Shall we not ask Him to put an end to our woe, to cleanse away our sin and selfishness, to fill us with His own joy, and to make us spiritually glad? God can accomplish this transformation. We have only to resign ourselves actively and trustfully to Him to gain the sweet solace of the indwelling Comforter. — *J. H. Potts, D. D.*

* * *

God is not a hypothesis to account for the phenomena of nature. God is the eternal reality. As President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, has well put it, God is not a hypothesis; He is the hypostasis. He is not a thesis, an opinion, a theory, a supposition, created to account for phenomena; He is the great underlying reality of which all phenomena are the manifestation. Do you remember that beautiful image in Plato's Republic of man sitting in a cavern, various figures passing behind his back, and he unable to turn about and look upon them, but the bright light streaming upon them and casting their shadows on the screen before him? So we sit in chains in life. We look at the shadows. Unseen is the divine and eternal reality that casts them. All the beauty of flower, of sound, of literature, and all the beauty of men, all the beauty of home life, all that makes life true and great and noble, are but shadows that He, the invisible and eternal God, casts on the screen, that we look upon them. When Samuel lay upon the couch trembling, and the voice called out of the darkness, "Samuel, Samuel," God was not a hypothesis to account for the voice; God was, and the voice was the witness of His presence. So the secret voice that speaks in the soul of man is the witness of a God that is. The ideals are realities. — *Lyman Abbott, D. D.*

HOW DO THEY LIVE?

Jenny Burr.

WHEN a leading New York paper published its list of American millionaires, it expressed the wish that a similar list might be made of the people in the United States worth five thousand dollars and upwards. The whole number of such would be enormous; but the mere fact that such a list could be proposed at all would imply that the proportion is not very large, as the population of the country is now over sixty millions. For if only one in twenty were worth so much, the number would still amount to three millions of people — an absurdly large list to make.

Whatever the number might be, they would represent thrift, industry and intelligence — a respectable, self-respecting class. Any one worth five thousand dollars could hardly be an object of pity. Yet what a small sum the interest of five thousand dollars is! Could one live on it? The rich man or woman whose yearly income is five thousand — or fifty thousand — smiles at the absurd idea. At four per cent. — the average interest paid by the savings banks, where all small capitalists who are cautious are supposed to put their money — one's income would be two hundred dollars! Wage-earners, or those engaged in business which secures them a livelihood, are indeed well off if they have two hundred dollars besides. That sum saved in five years becomes a thousand. But what about those who depend upon this pittance for their entire support? One might ask: Is it possible for those worth only five thousand dollars to be independent under present conditions of society? What will two hundred dollars a year command?

Miss Wilkins, whose short stories of New England life are drawn from reality as well as from a very beautiful imagination, portrays two sisters, above the average subject of her pen, who might be called typical New Englanders. These two young women have an income of one hundred and fifty dollars, besides their house and garden. One of them does a little sewing, and with this small help the *two* live in comparative comfort and independence. She assures the reader that they are good managers, and know how to make a little go far. There is no waste. Everything is utilized. They do their own work, and their vegetable garden helps them. Being thoroughly systematic, they know where every cent goes. Everybody knows such cases, but they will bear examination.

The instance which occurs to me now is that of a widow and her only daughter living in a small village. They have a pleasant home — a comfortable house and ample garden patch. The mother is an invalid, though not helpless, and the daughter's duty is, therefore, at home. An income of one hundred and fifty dollars drawn chiefly from the savings bank supposes a capital of not quite four thousand dollars. The place, whatever it may be worth, represents another thousand or twelve hundred dollars. It is home; it stands for shelter, and vegetables and fruit for the table. Their problem is to make the one hundred and fifty dollars pay for every other necessary of life.

Their account-book tells the story. It shows that the average annual expense for certain indispensables is as follows:—

Meat	$15
Milk	10
Breadstuffs	15
Butter	7
Sugar, tea and coffee	10
Coal and wood	30
Help (occasional)	5
Tax	10
Repairs (on house, etc.)	20
Insurance	3
Total	$125

So they have already spent all but twenty-five dollars of their income on the barest, most evident necessaries. Yet not a cent has gone for clothing, furniture, the doctor, the lawyer, or the minister. But they are churchgoers, members in good standing, and their account shows that they pay about ten dollars a year to religious and benevolent causes. Even then they pay only one-half what the Mosaic law enjoins. For observe, their real income, including home, is two hundred dollars. So here they are remiss, but perhaps not more so than the most of us.

After thus only one-half doing their duty, they have fifteen dollars left for every other possible expense. What will they do with it? A conundrum indeed! Shall they each buy a pair of shoes, a pair of gloves, and a bonnet? or a cheap wool dress, and a few yards of cotton cloth for underwear? or perhaps a shawl? or a coat very much reduced in price because very much out of style?

As for furniture, let us hope that the simple belongings of their house never wear out, but last from year to year in undimmed freshness; that the dishes never break, and that there is an endless supply of bedding. If not, how will they replenish?

It is evident that sickness ought never to enter this home — that is, sickness which demands a doctor's service. Mere invalidism of a mild type — like the mother's — may be got on with; but serious illness lasting for days or weeks or even months, and requiring the physician's regular presence, at once destroys the independence of the home. It would seem that very few people can really *afford* to be sick. They cannot pay for it. The hospital reports show that about three-quarters of the patients are non-paying. But here are two independent people, property-owners to the amount of five thousand dollars, who cannot pay the doctor either, without drawing on their capital and so lessening their income for the next year. If, now, health is lost altogether, and they can no longer do their own work nor care for the home, and yet live on year after year, these two — self-respecting and respectable — become at once dependent, and lose both their self-respect and their respectability. What signifies five thousand dollars then?

But this answers all the questions we began with. The ordinary income from the sum we are considering cannot support one. Much less can it maintain two. The cheapest board alone, with no other expense whatever, would consume the whole income of the year. What keeps bread in the mouths of this or any other pair worth only five thousand dollars? Simply work. Work, the equivalent of money, must be added to this income, or they go to the wall. Not regular, well-paid work, but the work of the house and the garden — the daily, constant drudgery of any home; the washing and ironing and baking; the sweeping and dusting, the making and mending; the vigilant oversight and care of everything. This done, a little time and strength are left for extra work, and the small sum thus gained eke out the scanty living.

Does it look like a hard, bare, cheerless life, without color, or zest, or hope? Surely it is very unlikely to improve. If the savings bank does not fail, some first mortgage security will, or some stanch business man who is esteemed one of the pillars of the town. There is more than a possibility of losing, but very small likelihood of gaining.

But letting the future quite alone, what brightens the present, cheers its monotony, or widens its narrow horizon? Is it fresh books and magazines, or an occasional "little journey in the world," or a fortnight's visit at a friend's? The town library may furnish the first, but the others are very unlikely. Yet everybody has seen that the people who live on such small incomes are not more unhappy or discontented than others. They accept their narrow fortune, and make the best of it. They find many simple pleasures in life which those accounted more fortunate sometimes miss. They find a pleasure even in making the most out of very little. Especially they scorn those who, professing to have more, yet live beyond their means and are careless about meeting their obligations.

But happy are the *workers* of the world whose work maintains them, yet which is neither unremitting nor too hard. If they have a bank account besides, though small, they are the children of good fortune; for they cannot only live so that no one wonders how, but they can save, and so live better by and by.

Sheffield, Mass.

GROWING OLD.

I looked in the tell-tale mirror,
And saw the marks of care, —
The crow's-feet and the wrinkles,
And the gray in the dark brown hair.
My wife looked o'er my shoulder;
Most beautiful was she;
"Thou wilt never grow old, my Love," she said,
"Never grow old to me.

"For age is the chilling of heart;
And thine, as mine can tell,
Is as young and warm as when first we heard
The sound of our bridal bell!"
I turned and kissed her ripe red lips:
"Let time do its worst on me,
If in my soul, my Love, my Faith,
I never seem old to thee!"

— From "Lover's Year Book."

About Women.

—— The late Mrs. Talmage, in addition to all her duties as mistress of the household, acted as her husband's secretary and managed about all his business, for which he has no special aptitude.

—— Isabella and Sallie Broadbent, two Florida girls, who gave valuable assistance in rescuing the crew of the wrecked Norwegian ship "Cathrine" last August, have received silver lockets and chains from King Oscar of Norway in recognition.

—— Miss Jennie Goodwin, employed as stenographer at the stock-yards of Kansas City, will soon enter the live stock commission business at that place. It is believed that Miss Goodwin is the first woman in the United States to enter a business of that kind.

—— Miss Nannie Robinson, of Washington County, Md., is one of the most energetic and successful farmers of that section; and since the death of her father, last fall, she has been carrying on their farm and keeping a water-power saw-mill going. She is assisted only by her brother Charles, aged fifteen years.

—— Miss Fannie Elkins, of New York, follows a unique line of art which won her a World's Fair medal and diploma, "awarded for accuracy, detail, and beauty." She makes anatomical drawings for physicians and surgeons, who require such in delivering lectures or in illustrating medical books.

—— The New York *Evening Post* says that Mademoiselle Pauline de Grandpré probably knows more of the prison life of French women than any one else in France. She lived in the St. Lazare prison as the housekeeper of her uncle, who was chaplain there during the empire. In the twenty-five years that have elapsed since he died she has devoted herself entirely to visiting female prisoners and obtaining situations for them when they have undergone their sentences.

—— Miss Belle Kearney, of Mississippi, was chosen as Round-the-world Missionary by the World's W. C. T. U. Convention in London, but Miss Jessie Ackerman, with whom she had planned to travel, not being able from ill health to do so, Miss Kearney felt that it was not practicable for her to undertake such a tour, and so resigned the position.

—— All France is talking of Mlle. Jeanne Benaben's extraordinary attainments. This exceedingly scholarly young woman received the college degree of bachelor of arts two years ago, when she was sixteen. She then became professor of philosophy in a woman's college at Lyons, and this year was a candidate at the Sorbonne for the important degree of licentiate in philosophy. The examiners, though prepared for a prodigy, were amazed at the extent of her erudition and her serene composure in dealing with the vexed problems of Descartes, Kant, and Comte. She was third on the list of 200 candidates, all of them older than herself, and is now a lecturer on the science of the mind in the College of Rouen.

IN MEMORIAM.

She has gone to her heavenly mansion;
The dear Lord has led her away
To glories by mortal undreamed of,
Where no night ends the beautiful day,
And we are lonely.

We miss her dear voice and her smiling,
Her sympathy sweet and her love.
Our hearts are nigh broken with grieving,
As we scatter fair blossoms above
Where she lies sleeping.

What wonder she left us for heaven?
The dear Lord had need of her there.
Her soul had attained its full stature,
Pure, noble, and wondrously fair,
And Jesus took her.

Her labors among us are ended,
But the work is still to be done.
We must take up the threads where she dropped them,
The weaving must still go on,
Though hearts are heavy.

Let her life be our inspiration,
Like her let us "Do ye nexte thynge."
No service too small or too lowly
To do in the name of our King.
Full consecration.

We know she is safe with the Saviour,
She is one of the glorified throng;
We must trust Him for light in our darkness,
And lean on the strength of His arm.
He will not fail us.

— Eleanor Belville Amerman, in *N. Y. Evangelist.*

MRS. WILLIAMS' WAY.

Jennie A. Brock.

"'Taint much use your spending your time getting that garden fixed up."

That was what Farmer Allen said to his new neighbor, as he stopped to talk one morning when on his way to town.

Mrs. Williams looked up surprised at this remark, for her flowers had been her pride in her old home.

"You will find them small boys across the way can do a sight of mischief unless you keep your eye on them," he replied to her look of inquiry, as he drove away.

It caused Mrs. Williams no uneasiness, however, and she resumed her work, humming as she bent over the young plants, or talking to Tabby who sat purring close beside her.

"Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub-dub!" sounded near by, and looking up Mrs. Williams saw four boys marching towards her, and about to make their way straight across the newly-made garden. A frown gathered on her usually sunny face, and she was ready to order them from the yard with impatient words, when a happy idea suddenly came to her. Looking up brightly and smiling, she exclaimed, as she took a position in front of them: "Halt!" They stopped as quickly as trained soldiers. "Right about face!" Every eye was turned towards this strange woman. "Rest arms!" The soiled cotton flag was lowered, the wooden guns placed on the ground, and the drumsticks lay idly on the drumhead.

"I need a detachment of brave soldiers, such as I know you to be, to keep guard over my flower-garden," she said to the amazed boys. "Can I depend upon you to help me?"

They did not know what to say, so shuffled their feet uneasily about, and looked shamefacedly away. Only one voice answered faintly, "Yes, um."

They had not looked for such treatment as this from the new neighbor. Every one else spoke cross words to them and did not want them to come near their land.

They were not bad boys at heart, only full of mischief; but sometimes their fun had ended seriously for the neighbors, and now they were not willing that the boys should play near their homes.

"The dogs run across the garden and break down so many things, and I am afraid some boys might play about here and tread on the plants without thinking how sorry I would be," Mrs. Williams went on, as she tenderly dug about the roots of the tall white lily. "They look thirsty now. I wonder if my new company of soldiers would like to give them a drink?"

"Do flowers drink like folks? I never knew that, did you, Dan?" said Johnny, growing bolder and interested.

"Oh, yes!" answered Mrs. Williams. "Only they have a great many mouths to drink in the water. Away down at the roots, when the water reaches the little openings at the end, they suck in the moisture and it goes into the stems and to the buds, and makes the flowers look fresh and bright. There is Miss Pansy now almost asking me for a drink."

"Oh! can't I give her some water?" exclaimed little Dan, his face full of interest. "And I," "And I," said other voices.

"Yes, you may take the pail and bring some water, and I will get other cups, so you all may help. I take a knife and loosen the dry earth around the plant, so," Mrs. Williams said, showing the curious company how she did. "Then the air can go away down to the roots, and they can breathe better. Now, one of you can water the pansies; and my lilies, which I have just given air, need water, and the geraniums and pinks — flowers for each one of you." And Mrs. Williams talked on, speaking of the flowers as though they were children.

The boys listened as they worked, drinking in every word, their faces full of interest and eagerness.

"There! everything is done, and you may sit on the end of the piazza while I give my soldiers their rations," said Mrs. Williams, as she went into the house.

"What's rations?" whispered Johnny, as he nudged Dan.

"Don't know. Something good, I s'pose."

"My! Ain't she just nice?" Willie burst out.

At this moment Mrs. Williams came out with a plate of gingerbread and a basket of apples. Their eyes showed their gratefulness, and the sudden disappearance of the lunch evinced their appreciation.

"Shoulder arms! March!" was the order given when Mrs. Williams had told the boys what a help they had been, and that she should be glad of their services again.

The drum beat a call, the flag was raised, the guns shouldered, and the company marched gravely out of the yard.

"My! but ain't she a good un?" said Willie, as soon as they reached the road.

"Well, I guess! We won't never let nothing happen to Mrs. Williams' flowers, will we, boys?" answered Dan.

"Let's give her three cheers!" The caps came off and a loud "Hurrah!" filled the air.

She had won their hearts. She need not have any fear of their giving her trouble.

That morning was only the beginning of the work of the small company, and while they worked Mrs. Williams talked of plant life, and taught them gentleness and kindness in the home and to each other, but all in such a quiet, interesting way that they did not realize that they were being trained into thoughtful, manly boys, or that their work was anything but play.

"Who'd a thought that garden would look so fine with them boys at work there?" said Farmer Allen, as he stopped to talk to Mrs. Williams, after she had been at her home about three months. "Guess they ain't so bad after all."

"Kindness does more with boys than driving, I have always found," she answered, as she turned to go into the house.

Somerville, Mass.

Health Hints.

A Hint for Consumptives.

A person suffering from pulmonary consumption may be absolutely free of danger to his most intimate associates or his immediate surroundings, if only the sputum is disposed of with scrupulous care. The sputum, and the sputum alone, in some way is the source of danger; and common sense, good sanitation, humanity, and even the requirements of simple cleanliness, demand that this should be destroyed or rendered harmless. Dr. Lawrence Flick, of Philadelphia, who has studied this subject carefully, has expressed the firm conviction that with our present knowledge we have it in our power to completely wipe out pulmonary tuberculosis in a single generation, and he adds: "Were half the energy which is being spent in the almost hopeless task of searching for a specific cure for tuberculosis devoted to its extermination, the accomplishment would be assured." — Hermann M. Biggs, M. D., in *Journal of Hygiene.*

Don't Worry.

"Wise are we, if we never waste a moment in worrying over what no human power can give to us again. This is true even in sorrow. Sadness only unfits us for duty. . . . There is no other such enemy to noble living and heroic achievement as worrying."

A Laxative Diet.

For this Mrs. Rorer recommends, first of all, an abundant use of fats. If bread is used, it should be whole-wheat bread, with a goodly quantity of butter, thoroughly masticated. At least once, better twice a day, take lettuce, or cress, or tomatoes, with plenty of oil and very little acid, the acid used being lemon juice, and not vinegar. Eat also a little fat with meat and masticate thoroughly. Tea should not be used, and just before taking coffee drink at least half a glass of cold, not ice, water. Take a half-pint of water the first thing in the morning and the same quantity before retiring. Do not eat sweets, but fruit may be taken, and a few nuts — peanuts, well roasted, in moderation, Brazil nuts, or about six almonds — at the close of the dinner. Avoid cake and pastry. Use an abundance of green vegetables, and have potatoes baked, never fried. Boiled rice is a good substitute. Do not drink milk at meal time — preferably not at all while taking the diet. Steamed figs may be used at least once a day, and stewed cherries, prunes, ripe peaches, or grapes without the seeds, are all admirable.

Breathing Through the Nose.

It is all-important, in order to preserve the system from shock and the danger of contamination by foreign substances, that before the air enters the lungs it should be made as nearly as possible of the same temperature as the blood, and should be deprived of all particles of dust, which might be a hindrance to the bodily functions.

The entire course of the tortuous nasal canals is lined with mucous membrane, and this membrane is of a highly vascular structure. That is to say, the whole tissue is flushed with blood by a perfect network of vessels, over which the air we breathe passes, and from which it borrows the requisite heat. The mucus which is secreted by the membranes is also advantageous in rendering the atmosphere suitably moist.

In the light of these considerations, the difference between air breathed in through the nose and that taken in by the mouth becomes at once apparent. In the first case it is gently drawn in through the winding canals, and is tempered and purified on the way; while the air which reaches the lungs by way of the mouth comes upon them all at once, and is identical in nature with the surrounding atmosphere, whether that be warm or cold, dry or moist, full of dust, or free from it.

Of not less importance than the benefits accruing to the whole system from properly breathing through the nose, are those which result to the nasal membranes themselves. In the process of imparting heat and moisture to the air as it passes over them, the tissues are prevented from accumulating an oversupply of mucus, and any excess of blood-pressure in the parts is relieved by the contact of the cool air which is constantly breathed in. One investigator has even gone so far as to assert that many forms of colds may be greatly benefited by a correct breathing exercise taken every few hours.

However that may be, it is certain that the disadvantages of mouth-breathing are too numerous and glaring to be lightly passed over. — *Youth's Companion.*

OCCUPATIONS FOR CONVALESCENT CHILDREN.

EVERY mother, elder sister, and maiden aunt knows something of the difficulty of finding safe and pleasant occupation for the children who are too well to lie quietly in bed, but not well enough to be released from the nursery or even from the couch.

Recent experience with a child of four and a half, under a slight surgical operation, a severe burn, and the measles in quick succession, has brought the subject vividly before me, and I am sure some one will be glad of suggestions.

A narrow couch, over which the sewing-table can be set, makes a convenient place for the child to play without getting uncovered.

Blunt scissors, a flower-catalogue, and a bit of mucilage will amuse the child for hours. A paper of fashions, with crayons or colored pencils, affords a pleasant change. If the appetite has to be coaxed, a little tray with little dishes, even the toy tea-sets, and a play tea-party, which mamma will attend, "all dressed up" for the occasion, will dispose of many a gruel ordered by the doctor, but not relished by the child unless garnished by some such loving make-believe.

A cup of rice, pearled barley, or tapioca, with a paper funnel and a few wide-mouthed bottles, will afford delightful occupation for hours. A cheap coffee-mill, screwed to a heavy board, with a supply of roasted rice or corn, will metamorphose a fretful child into a happy miller, who will sell flour or give it away as the times demand. A magnet, with a few nails, pins, and needles, is another safe and pleasing occupation.

Two or three marbles, to roll around the tray by gentle tippings, afford noise enough to gratify the child without distracting the household. Our boy was the happy possessor of a marble train, and when the bell at the station became monotonous to his ear he substituted his xylophone, inclining it so that each marble literally ran down the scale, producing a very pleasant tinkle.

A paper of the finest tacks, a small tack-hammer, and a bit of pine or other soft board change the miller or steam-car conductor to a carpenter, who may be the postman next hour by having old envelopes made into a little packet with a rubber band. The news of the child's own improved condition and patience in bearing pain and confinement, which these letters may carry to distant relatives, will often suggest a beautiful ideal which the child will strive to attain.

Single things, or one thing at a time, will generally give more satisfaction than many. A single pansy, or one rose, will afford more pleasure, brought in at the right moment with the right introduction, than a whole basket of flowers inopportunely presented.

The child who objects to nourishment of the proper sort, or whose appetite is weak, will often take his dinner as a workman, if a little dialogue is introduced at the right moment about the miller, carpenter, or postman, who must be provided with food which is carried to him in a basket by his little boy, or perhaps by his well-trained dog. To divide the same dinner with a pet, setting a good example in table manners, that kitty may see how people behave when eating, will often divert the mind from a distaste for prescribed food.

Mention need not be made of kindergarten employments for the child that has folded papers or woven mats.

A cup of lentils, a gill of beans, especially black and mottled ones, with a few small boxes, will afford much pleasure. To be allowed to have the opera-glasses a few moments, to use an ordinary hand magnifying-glass, to dress up a clothes-pin, to put the stamps on the letters for papa, to open the papers and letters when they come, afford delight so out of proportion to the trouble involved that one is inspired with zeal in discovering all the pleasures that can be extracted from the commonest materials. — Sara E. Wilter, in *The Outlook.*

Little Folks.

A SUMMER COMPANION.

Mrs. S. E. Kennedy.

DID you ever notice a large black and yellow butterfly hovering over your pansy bed in early summer? Its velvety black wings are bordered with a double row of bright yellow spots, the hinder wings having also a cluster of pretty light blue points set in a rim of silver. Seen from underneath, the spots are larger and of a darker shade approaching orange, with a crescent of blue between, while a double row of light yellow crescents ornament the edge. The velvety black body has four rows of yellow spots, the exact shade of those on the upper side of the wing.

Do you ever wonder, as you watch these beautiful creatures darting hither and thither among your garden beds, if this one or that one has a name, or if they have any way of communicating with each other? We cannot know how this may be, but of one thing we are sure, each kind has a name by which those who love them may point out their favorites. Perhaps the little Smith and Brown children would think strangely were we to speak to them after the manner of Smith Jennie or Brown Bobby; but the butterflies all have their family names come first.

This bright little fellow bears the name of *Papilio*, while its particular, or, as scientists say, the "specific," name is *Asterias*. *Papilio* means "a butterfly," while *Asterias* means "a star." A member of this family may always be known by the two long points which extend from the hinder wings. The next time you see one of these bright creatures, observe it closely and try to imagine it a live star, which will, perhaps, help you to remember its name.

There are other species belonging to this family. One is called *Papilio Turnus*, somewhat larger than this — a bright yellow insect with black bands. Another is *Papilio Troilus*, dark brown with orange spots.

Shall I tell you a story of one of these which I now have for a pet? About the last of August I placed in captivity two handsome caterpillars dressed in black and green arranged in alternate stripes, each black band ornamented with a row of bright yellow spots. In about a week I discovered that a change was coming over my prisoners. These do not spin a cocoon, as do many, but, attaching themselves by a silken thread to the roof of the cage at both head and tail, they began to change color, and in a short time the bright-banded larva became a dull wood color. I could not describe the shape of these chrysalids if I should try, so full of knobs and rings and queer points were they. After a time I detached them from the cage and placed them in a drawer to await the time of opening. But this came somewhat sooner than I had anticipated, for, going to the drawer one day, I found that one poor prisoner had tried to make its escape, and perished from close confinement.

A few days later I had the box containing the body of the dead insect, the opened pupa, and the one which, so far as I could see, showed no sign of opening, upon the desk before me. I stepped out of the room for a moment, and, returning, the first sight which caught my eye was a poor struggling butterfly just outside the box. To my great surprise the opening had taken place in my absence. I placed the butterfly in the window, and in a few moments the pretty wings began to expand and the funny tube to uncoil in search of food. In two hours my handsome pet was fully able to flutter about in the window, evidently enjoying the warm sun. And now, as I write, a saucer of moss sprinkled with sweetened water stands close beside him upon the window-sill, while half-hidden by blossoming plants my four-hours-old pet basks in the glorious sunshine.

Mosup Valley, R. I.

Editorial.

OUR MINOR ILLS.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, our smaller troubles, in this life, are what occasion us most disquiet and are really the hardest to be borne. The mosquitoes of a summer evening are more troublesome than all the owls and bats that infest the night. The latter generally stay outside; the former enter our bed-chambers and disturb the slumbers of the night. They not only know how to find the sensitive surfaces where the nerve is exposed, but, what is most provoking of all, they are too small to be easily apprehensible. If we could only lay hold on them, we could do summary justice at a blow; but when we put our hands on them and they are not there, we need a measure of patience we hardly ever possess at the time. Man has the fortitude to endure the calamities of life. The same man often finds it most difficult to endure the annoyances and vexations of the most diminutive troubles. If they possessed greater magnitude, so that they could be laid hold of and dealt with by a curative process, they would be very tolerable. As it is, they are not large enough for serious consideration, and they are seldom made the subject of prayer. The result is that we struggle on with them ourselves; they become in this way a chronic worry.

The frictions of life are what wear out its delicate machinery. Work hurts nobody. We leave work in the field and shop to enjoy rest and refreshment for the whole night. Work and worry are too much for the strongest constitutions. The worry even over the smallest matters drinks up the spirits by day and banishes sleep from our pillows at night. Little worries dry the oil in our bones and disturb the whole mental economy. God's general cure for a little trouble is a greater one. When we get out into deep waters, we wonder we were ever disturbed by the breaking of the waves at our feet. A great trouble has the immense advantage of lifting us from all the little ones.

THE INVOLUTIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

THERE are troubles which come to us through human perversity; there are others which are Divine visitations; they come to us in the order of Divine Providence rather than from any misstep on our part. Persecution may arise from our adherence to the principles of the Divine economy; the prophets and martyrs suffered wrong and died at the hands of an evil generation. God ministers through evil things as well as good. "Shall evil befall a city and the Lord hath not done it?" In the individual as well as the public life we have to take account of this ministry of evil. In many passages of their lives it is God's will to perfect His people through suffering. He purposely brings them into strait places to test their faith, to try their patience, or to demonstrate to men the superiority of His grace in the individual soul. Job stands as a model of patience for the men of all generations, as does Abraham for unshaken confidence in the promises of God. How great were these qualities in these instances could be made known to us only by the crucible of Providence. The true gold remained unwasted in the fire. That God orders the test is our comfort and hope. The route of Moses and the hosts of Israel to the Red Sea was indicated by the Divine finger-points; the pillar of fire and cloud had led them into the place of greatest danger. The sea was in front, the armies of Pharaoh were in the rear. We may not wonder that the faith of Moses, for a moment, wavered. If God were on their side, how could they be in so evil a case?

We easily assume that if God be for us, He will clothe us in purple and enable us to fare sumptuously every day; but He makes great use of bitter herbs in the spread of His providential table. A new zest comes from their free use. In this bitter provision we are not to think some strange thing has happened to us and that the whole order of life is to be changed. The order of God came to Moses: "Speak to the people that they go forward." There are times when it is more important to act than to pray; there must be no delay even for the most sacred duties when the order comes for the movement of the column. But how can we move in the face of the deep sea? There is no sea so deep or so broad God cannot dry it and make a way through it for His people. Listen in silence until you hear the Divine order: "Forward!" The way out of a human difficulty is to turn square about; the way out of a providential involution is straight forward. In God's order there is no reversal of the standards; He leads out of any trouble by an advance through.

DISTRICTING THE BISHOPS.

THE subject of forming episcopal districts to correspond with the number of Bishops in our church was agitated a few years ago and gained considerable favor. Some of our wisest and most loyal men were strongly inclined to it, so much so that it looked for a time that it would surely prevail. It seemed reasonable that each effective Bishop should be assigned to a given district, where he should live and preside for four years, at least, and become acquainted with his men and work, which is impossible on the present plan of traveling abroad throughout the connection. There are some advantages in this proposal, or appear to be, else it had never commanded the marked favor it has received.

It will be remembered that a very decided movement in this direction was made in the General Conference of 1888. An action was taken which, in operation, would have established the principle, and was intended to be the initiative, leading to the formation of such districts. It passed that body by a large majority, after a pretty full discussion. It was simply an order that the Bishops should preside in the Annual Conferences contiguous to their residences — seemingly a perfectly innocent measure, in the interest of economy of travel, economy of money, and of general efficiency in the work. When this order passed, Bishop Merrill, who happened to be chairman of the committee for arranging the plan of the Annual Conferences, was elsewhere engaged in some committee work; upon coming in and learning what had been done, he saw that the "plan" the committee had prepared to report to the board was not in harmony with this action, and could not be carried out. Comprehending the situation, he immediately took the floor on a question of privilege, to ask instructions. In doing so he propounded questions which shed new light upon the subject, and revealed the utter impracticableness of the scheme. The General Conference promptly reversed itself. The measure was reconsidered and laid on the table. This episode gave a quietus to the agitation of the subject for some time. Now and then some one who did not witness that scene has attempted to revive the discussion, but with little success till Bishop Thoburn recently came to the front with a vigorous article favoring the districting scheme. This Bishop always gets the ear of the church, and a good hearing is accorded him whether his views prove acceptable or not. He writes well even when visionary.

At any rate, since his article appeared, the subject is open and will be studied again — this time more thoroughly than ever before. It involves the whole question of the constitutionality of districting the Bishops, and of the relative advantages of a diocesan and a general superintendency. It is useless to discuss one or two features of either plan, since it is evident that we cannot have a combination of both, but must have one or the other. The change, if made at all, must be thorough and radical, amounting to the abandonment of the existing plan and the adoption of the other.

It is not doubted that, with the requisite preparation, a districted or diocesan episcopacy could be made to work in Methodism. But the preparation for it is a larger task than most people suspect. It is known that the times of the Annual Conference sessions are determined by the wishes of the Conferences themselves, which wishes are determined very largely by the climate, crops, business and social habits, and the needs of the people in different localities. The Eastern Conferences are held in the spring, the Southern in the winter, the Western (and especially the Northwestern) in the fall. All this would have to be changed. Each Bishop would find it necessary to extend his Conferences through the year, or at least to divide them between the spring and fall months. He could not avoid it if he would. This will necessitate the holding of some of the Eastern Conferences in the fall, and some of the Northwestern Conferences in the spring, whether the climate and crops render it convenient or otherwise. The expediency of having Conferences in the same section meet at different seasons of the year will have to be considered. The matter of transfers will come in for thoughtful study. Indeed, a great variety of things will enter into the problem, which at slight view appear only remotely related to the subject.

At the time the former action was hurried through the General Conference, the question of economy was emphasized. Seemingly needless expenditures of money and travel were dwelt upon, and these are advanced in the later discussions. A Bishop resident in California came East and held the Conferences in Maine. "What a waste!" The question was asked, "Why could not the Bishop living in Boston or New York have held these Conferences, and saved money and travel?" This appears reasonable, and has had effect. But it is utterly fallacious. What are the facts? These Conferences in Maine come immediately after the semi-annual meeting of the Bishops, when all the Bishops are together, and must be, so that the travel to these Maine Conferences is from the seat of the Bishops' meeting, and costs no more when made by the Bishop from California than when made by the Bishop resident in Boston. Thus it is with much that is said about the expense and waste of travel involved in the present plan. The Bishops must be together twice a year. If they meet East, the Western Bishops must take the burden; and if they meet West, those resident East must bear it. The average is much the same.

In the fall the place where the Bishops meet is determined by the General Committee on Missions, and the other general committees, in fixing the places of their annual meetings. The Bishops must all attend these general committee meetings, as the Discipline requires, and this duty regulates their travel and expenses, at least in those matters about which most complaint is made, and to the extent of breaking the force of much of the criticism passed upon the present system.

This writing is not intended as an argument on the merits of the question except to the extent of correcting some prevalent misapprehensions. Objections against the general superintendency founded on obvious misunderstandings of the facts should not have weight. If the plan is to be debated, it should be understood. Fairness requires that it be taken as a whole, and that it be considered in its working relations to other institutions which are more or less dependent upon it, so that it may appear as it is, with its merits and demerits compared with the diocesan plan. No one thinks of it as faultless, and there can be no objection to studying its defects and suggesting improvements. But to loyal Methodists there is something in it that commands respect, if not veneration; and while its sacredness is not that of the ark of the Lord not to be touched, its history lifts it so clearly into the sphere of the providential that one hesitates to think of laying it aside without positive proof that something better is to take its place.

OPENING OF THE EDUCATIONAL YEAR

IN the family and village life of New England the close of the outing season is a period of rare interest. From the excursion, the seaside, or the mountains, the people return to the more serious occupations of life, while the doors of the public school swing open to receive for instruction and discipline the rising generation. Children again fill the streets and wend their way towards the humble temple of knowledge, where many a pupil has found at once his inspiration and method of help in climbing the hill of science.

The passion for education found in a New England household is a priceless heirloom brought down from an honored ancestry. With both the Pilgrim and the Puritan education was among the most precious things. It was, in their view, greater than wealth or social position. Close beside the church in the wilderness was reared the little school-house; the fear of God was to be supplemented by a knowledge of His works and His Word. Ignorance furnished no guarantee of superior devotion. The church and the school-house prevented the early colonists, as they advanced into the wilderness, from a return toward barbarism. The altar reared in the new settlement ministered to piety, and the school-house, however humble, kept open the sources of knowledge. Whoever would could repair to its springs and slake his thirst. In this way the zest for knowledge, in the remotest town, was retained. Many a mother in a rude home inspired in her son an intense love of knowledge, and induced him, with much sacrifice and self-denial, to secure the advantages of a liberal education. The mountain towns of Massachusetts, removed from both academies and colleges, furnished many an earnest student who made his way through some college and rendered his name famous in church or state.

The public school is one of the most important safeguards of the Republic. A monarchical government may be secure in spite of the ignorance of the people, but a republic must be based on intelligence. Without education the people can be deceived and must inevitably be led by demagogues. And this education of the whole people can only come by a public system. Education is expensive. Only the well-to-do can obtain it where no public provision is made. The public school does not do everything for the child; it does not go so far as the college; but it does make an important beginning; it delivers to him the keys of knowledge and tells him how to unlock the great storehouse beyond. The public school has started many a lad and lass on their way to successful and honorable lives. The taste they got in the public school of the fruits of the land, inspired them to press on and to enter the better inheritance. Even if the pupil never advances in his studies beyond the public school, it has given him much which will help him to be a more intelligent and useful citizen.

The public school is invaluable to the children of every class of citizens. It is a false notion that the public school is simply for the poor. The children of the rich need it not less than those of the poor. It is the democratic platform on which those of every class have a common standing and contest the prizes of life together. There, as hardly anywhere else, the different classes come to know each other. There is a certain disadvantage in shutting any child up in a single class, thus depriving him of a knowledge of the rest of the world. Put him into the great commonalty and let him learn to handle himself amid persons of different tastes, talents and habits. The child is to live among men, and an important part of his early education is social. What he learns in books is even less important than what he learns from people. The public school is admirably adapted to meet this great end.

The Time Limit Removal — An Unsuccessful Experiment.

THOSE who are so anxious to remove the time limit will do well to study the history of the Methodist Protestant Church in the action taken by it in the same matter. The editor of an official organ of that denomination, the *Methodist Protestant*, utters the following frank word of confession and warning in a recent issue: —

"ZION'S HERALD has a symposium on the 'Time Limit' for pastors in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The opinions come from prominent ministers and laymen all over the church, a majority of whom are in favor of the abolition of the time limit. In our church the experiment has been made, and we earnestly and sincerely advocated the abolition of the 'Time Limit' at the General Conference when the action was taken. We believed that it would inure to the benefit of pastors and churches. With us the ostensible idea is that all pastorates are fixed for just one year, subject to reappointment for an indefinite period. It is a catchy idea, but it does not work that way. After closely watching the effect of the law for eleven years, we are convinced that in most instances a time limit is essential to an efficient and successful itinerant system. At any rate, a five-year limit never did us harm, so far as we have been able to gather facts connected with it, and the abolition of the restrictive rule has done harm in a number of cases of which we have certain knowledge. A return to a time limit would be difficult with us — perhaps impossible — but we believe the church would grow under it as it does not now."

Labor Day.

AMERICA is the paradise of the laborer. In other ages and in many lands he has been at a disadvantage; stronger classes have oppressed, have deprived him of a living chance, have doomed him to ignorance, have reduced him to servitude, or shut him up in the hard enclosure of a caste with no chance for himself or his children to rise to better conditions. But in America all this is changed; the chances are all open to him, his rights are sacredly guarded by law, he is a peer of the realm, a ruler, a law-giver and guardian of the State. From a serf he has risen to the position of a sovereign, who makes and administers the law and sits in judgment on classes which oppressed him. In honor of labor our good old Commonwealth has made the first Monday in September in each year a legal holiday.

In New England, especially, labor is held in honor, as the passport to competence and success in life. *Labor omnia vincit, et nil sine labore*, expresses the sentiment of the people. Labor is the poor man's sceptre and weapon of defence; by it he is able to make his way in the world and to hold his position as an honorable and useful member of society. The husbandman and mechanic, as well as the members of the professions, are here recognized as having made a good record for themselves. According to Em-

erson, the American doctrine is that "every man ought to stand in primary relations with the work of the world, ought to do it himself and not to suffer the accident of having a purse in his pocket, or his having been bred to some dishonorable and injurious craft, to sever him from those duties." Every man owes the world personal service, which can never be fully discharged by another. The man himself ought to perform it; and the one unwilling to work should not, according to Paul, be allowed to eat. The order for labor is fully written out in the constitution of man. Man was clearly made to dress and keep the garden in which he is placed by Providence. Man's efficacy and happiness depend on exertion, on taking a part in the world's work.

It is true the laboring man, even here, has not taken all the prizes. It is much to say that he has taken many of them, that he has been a favored contestant, that he is always applauded when he touches the goal. In other lands man finds honor in having started from noble sires, while in America the highest honor is found in having come from nothing — in making the leap from zero to the great gifts of the nation. That the laboring man has taken no more prizes is no fault of the country; the fault is not in his stars, but in himself. The stars in their courses have fought for him, opening the noblest possibilities and placing within reach of all ready to struggle the great rewards. The poorest may have place in the course and may rise to fortune or fame if only he have the native capacity and is capable of the requisite self-denial and persistence in the contest. No nation ever before gave men such a chance, or rather such chances; for the prizes to be gained are many and various and are offered to whoever can take them.

Labor is the most important instrument of man's education. It is the wise maxim of Froebel, one of the most illustrious educators, that man learns by doing. When God made man, He put him, for his education, in the great manual labor school of the world. He built no university for letters and science; He did what was better in making man's labor indispensable in carrying on the affairs of His world. The workday world is man's university. In harmony with this view is Emerson's teaching: "Labor is God's education; he only is a sincere learner, he only can be a master, who learns the secrets of labor, and who by real cunning extorts from nature its sceptre." The man who has mastered the secrets of his own craft is not uneducated; he has the elements of the most important education. He is really the raw and uneducated man who has not acquired the skilled hand of the true toiler in whatever department of service. Without labor man can never mold his own life or really master anything. Mastery comes in the doing. No man was ever made a philosopher by hearing the wisdom of others; he must learn at first hand by his own experimentation. In service we become lords. "Greater is he that serveth than he that sitteth at meat."

The Story of That Electrotype.

THE *Epworth Herald* greatly relieves us by making the following assurance, which we take to be authoritative: —

"No, Dr. Goucher is not going to prosecute ZION'S HERALD for printing the picture of a sea cook and passing it off for the Baltimore president. Goucher is long-suffering and kind."

As there is, apparently, no danger of legal proceedings against us, perhaps we would better tell the story about that electrotype, as it is "too good to keep." It being our plan to present to our readers all the presidents of the institutions which had place on the advertising pages of our Educational Number, we wrote Dr. Goucher a frank letter, requesting a photograph for the purpose indicated. He refused to comply with the request, stating that he did not deserve any such distinction. To this letter we replied, approving his characteristic modesty, but saying that it would have to yield to the demands of modern newspaper enterprise, and that he would compel us to accomplish by indirection what we had purposed to do in the most frank and open way. On the same day that we wrote this last letter, we telegraphed Dr. Lanahan, of Baltimore, in the following terms: "Secure cabinet photograph of Dr. Goucher and send immediately." In due time we received a communication from Dr. Lanahan to the effect that he could not comply with our request, but had sent our telegram to Dr. Goucher! Dr. Lanahan supposed he was serving us in doing just the thing that we would not have had him do. It is needless to add that Dr. Goucher did not send the photograph. But the time was short; we could not look further for a photograph, and it could not be secured in Boston. Our only resource was Dr. Doherty's "Representative Methodists," which contained the faces of the members of the General Conference of 1888. Our artist said that he could produce the Dr. Goucher who appears in that volume. If the esteemed editor of the *Epworth Herald*, or Dr. Goucher himself, will compare our electrotype with the one in the volume in question, he will see that there is no legal ground for prosecution. We have told this story for the enjoyment of mutual friends and as a lesson of warning to the living who have not yet undergone such a presentation. The moral of it all is this: If an editor asks for your photograph, forward it to him with all possible speed.

Our readers will rejoice that Rev. C. L. Goodell resumes in this issue his series on, "In Holy Lands."

Personals.

— Mrs. B. F. Crary, widow of Dr. B. F. Crary, has removed to Los Angeles, where her two daughters are teaching.

— Rev. Drs. Homer Eaton, J. L. Hurlbut, and J. F. Goucher are attending the sessions of the Pacific Slope Conferences.

— Rev. J. S. Hughes, of Philadelphia, has been appointed presiding elder to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Dr. J. H. Hargis.

— Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D., of the Mission Rooms, writes: "A cablegram from Foochow today says: 'Miss Hartford leaves for America tomorrow. Riot at Hok-chiang. No foreigners hurt.'"

— We regret to read in the daily press that Rev. James Boyd Brady, D. D., pastor of the People's Temple, this city, fell from his bicycle last Wednesday at Ocean Grove, N. J., breaking his arm.

— Prof. Van Vleck of Wesleyan University has received word of the death of Rev. H. A. Starks, recent pastor of the Methodist church in Middletown, Conn., at Berlin, Germany, where he had gone for his health.

— Rev. Julian S. Wadsworth and wife, of South Manchester, Conn., are dividing a vacation of five weeks generously granted by their church between friends in Chicago and Jacksonville, Ill.

— Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Craver, of our South American work, are arranging to make a home in Mount Vernon, Iowa. Mrs. Craver and the children will remain in Mount Vernon; Mr. Craver leaves for his South American field in early October.

— The *Northwestern* says: "Mr. C. C. Morse, business manager of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, New Orleans, La., called at our office last week." We gratefully recall the fact that in our first parish we witnessed the conversion of this now useful servant of the church.

— Mrs. Ballington Booth has been speaking to the medical students in Philadelphia. Meetings were arranged in the different schools, and three afternoons were devoted to them. Eight different audiences were addressed, and over five thousand students heard Mrs. Booth.

— Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Thompson will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage at their residence in Lebanon, N. H., Sept. 14. Hosts of friends will unite in congratulations and in expressions of sincere and affectionate remembrance upon this eventful occasion.

— Among the passengers who sailed from San Francisco, Aug. 25, for the Orient was Miss Ellen Pash, an officer of the Salvation Army, who goes to Yokohama to assist in the organization of a branch corps of the Army in Japan. Miss Pash has a degree from Cambridge University, England, and has had ten years' experience in missionary work.

— The New York *Evening Post* is authority for the statement that Rev. Dr. D. H. Wheeler, who for ten years had been president of Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., has accepted the chair of sacred rhetoric in Garrett Biblical Institute, Northwestern University. We publish an able and pertinent contribution from Dr. Wheeler's pen in this issue.

— Mr. James Buckham, son of President M. H. Buckham, of Burlington University, upon the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion* and a frequent and highly-appreciated contributor to the columns of ZION'S HERALD, was married, Aug. 28, to Miss Mary Brigham, the daughter of Hon. Waldo and Mrs. Brigham, of Hyde Park, Vt. ZION'S HERALD extends heartiest congratulations.

— The portrait of ex-President Harrison by Whipple has just been added to the collection of portraits in the White House. It has been hung over a door in the main corridor. Near it hangs the portrait of President Cleveland by Eastman Johnson. It is unusual for the actual occupant of the Executive Mansion to have his portrait in the house, but this work was painted and placed in position after Mr. Cleveland's first administration and before his second administration. All the Presidents of the United States are now represented in the White House collection of portraits.

— The following statement in the *Popular Science Monthly* concerning Herbert Spencer is commended to those of our professional readers who cherish an intense desire to obtain honorary titles: —

"The question has sometimes been asked by persons of a shallow way of thinking how it is, if Mr. Spencer is really a philosopher of mark, that the title-pages of his books do not show the academic and other distinctions that he has received. The answer has been given more than once; but we may as well take advantage of the present incident to give it once more: that such distinctions have over and over again been offered to Mr. Spencer, but that he has made an invariable rule of declining them."

— Rev. L. T. Townsend, D. D., of Baltimore, called at this office last week. We asked him about that reported "resignation" of his pastorate, to learn, as we expected, that he had simply informed his quarterly conference that he could not be considered eligible for reappointment at the next Conference. He will remain with his church until the close of this Conference year. He makes this change that he may have the leisure to write upon certain themes long in mind. A constraint is upon him to express his convictions (as he so well knows how to do) upon some vital subjects now engaging much thought. For this reason only he will conclude a pastorate which has been in every way successful and enjoyable.

— Governor McKinley of Ohio commands the attention of the general public as do few men in our country. He is a grand type of the Christian statesman. An influential member of our church, we are happy to present him to our readers in a significant but brief address just delivered at Chautauqua.

— Rev. H. H. Clark, D. D., chaplain U. S. Navy, at present attached to the splendid cruiser "New York," the flag-ship of the North Atlantic Squadron, now visiting this harbor, called at our office last week. Chaplain Clark belongs to our Methodist body, and holds an enviable reputation in his corps and the naval service for great ability and faithfulness.

— The *Courier Gazette*, of Rockland, Maine, says in last week's issue: "Rev. J. B. Husted, of Watertown, Mass., ninety years of age, made an interesting address at the close of the pastor's sermon at Pratt Memorial Church, last Sabbath. Mr. Husted was presiding elder of Bangor District when it stretched from the Aroostook to this city, then called Thomaston."

— We are gratified to learn that Rev. W. Hay Aitken, of the Established Church of England, who has been twenty years engaged as a "missioner" with most gracious results, and whose visit and work in this city some years ago are gratefully remembered, will sail for the United States in October to spend six months in evangelistic effort in this country and the Canadas.

— Rev. Dr. C. W. Rishell, professor-elect of the chair of church history in the School of Theology of Boston University, closed his labors with Central Church, Springfield, Ohio, Aug. 25. The *Daily Sun* of Springfield, in alluding to the event, says: "The Central M. E. Church auditorium was completely filled yesterday both morning and evening, and many who would have liked to get inside were turned away."

— Rev. Paul C. Curnick, Ph. D., has been very successful in his three years with St. Paul's Church, Springfield, O. The membership has been increased nearly 300 and numbers now about 700. The finances of the church have been successfully managed. Over $9,000 of old indebtedness, covering a $6,000 mortgage on the church, has been lifted. The official board unanimously requested the return of Dr. Curnick for the fourth year.

— Rev. Dr. J. W. Waugh of our Mission in India, together with Mrs. Waugh and their children, has arrived in Chicago, and will reside at 3137 Groveland Avenue for some time. Thorough saturation with malaria compels this return by both Dr. and Mrs. Waugh, who will settle their children in college here before their return to India. This is only the third return of Dr. Waugh during a missionary service which now approaches thirty-eight years.

— The *Central Methodist*, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, observes: —

"We see it stated that Bishop Galloway has appointed Rev. J. J. Lafferty, D. D., the distinguished editor of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, presiding elder of the Charlottesville District. Dr. Lafferty is a man of affairs. He runs a newspaper, tends a mill, lectures all over the country, teaches shorthand, prints pamphlets, and presiding elderates a large district. What he does with the surplus time on his hands we are not advised."

— Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, completed the 74th year of his life on Aug. 21. Many friends called at his summer cottage on Divinity Hill, Shelter Island, L. I., where he is spending his vacation, to congratulate him. Dr. Storrs will celebrate his golden wedding anniversary in a few weeks. He has three daughters, and they are all married. There are nine grandchildren — eight girls and one boy. The boy is only four years old, and is the son of Rev. Dr. E. B. Coe, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, New York city. The little fellow is named after his grandfather.

— Perhaps no fellow worker was more beloved by Mr. Moody than the late Dr. A. J. Gordon. In a public address at Northfield recently, Mr. Moody thus alluded to Dr. Gordon: —

"I was way out in Texas when he died, but as soon as I heard of his death, I sat down and wrote to Mrs. Gordon, asking that his ashes might be buried in Northfield. God knows how dear Dr. Gordon's name is to me, and I thought that I would like to have him buried on Round Top, in that spot so dear to him and to every lover of Northfield, that we might gather around his tomb in the years to come and recall the characteristics of his holy life. . . . One of the most impressive sights I ever saw — and I am not a Baptist — was to see our dear friend, Dr. Gordon, wearing his baptismal robes, step down into a little lake near here and baptize those wishing him to perform this sacred rite for them. The last public act that Dr. Gordon did here in Northfield, last summer, was to immerse a few of his friends. I rushed down there, but was too late to see it, and I regret it, I can tell you. We will christen this lake Gordon Lake, and from this morning let us know it by that name."

— Rev. Andrew Murray, the spiritual seer who was heard with so much delight at Northfield recently at Mr. Moody's conference, and who is now delivering a series of spiritual homilies in Chicago, was thus described in the New York *Tribune*: —

"Rev. Andrew Murray is evangelical, and a Dutch Reformed minister in South Africa. In appearance he is tall, spare, and somewhat frail. He speaks with a slight suggestion of a foreign accent, and while his gestures are not graceful, they are graphic and forcible. His delivery is not particularly impressive, but there is a spiritual fervor in his utterance that holds in a spell all who hear him. He frequently closes his eyes and seems for the time lifted above all earthly concerns in the ecstatic contemplation of some spiritual vision. To him the Bible is a mirror reflecting the spiritual lineaments of God and His law."

Briefiets.

Our Worcester correspondent, "Quis," will be found to be exceedingly pointed and significant this week.

The Boston *Journal* will receive hearty and grateful response for the editorial in the issue of Aug. 31, entitled "Prize Fights in Boston," and for the excellent and fearless editorial which followed, beginning with this encouraging assurance: "We have said a great deal, and mean to say more, if developments warrant it, to express our contempt for the brutality and lawlessness of prize-fighting."

It will be seen that "Stuyvesant," on our 4th page, has some opinions, and expresses them with refreshing frankness. We enjoy him, albeit we cannot accept his views on the removal of the time limit and districting the Bishops.

As the Dover (N. H.) Commandery of Knights Templars made Wesleyan Hall their headquarters for three days last week, we were privileged to meet many of our old parishioners and friends from that city. Revs. James Thurston, M. W. Prince, J. E. Robins, and C. U. Dunning looked in upon their New Hampshire friends during the time.

Governor McKinley, in his oration at Chautauqua upon the soldiers of the Civil War, read the following letter which President Lincoln wrote to the widow who gave her five sons that the Union might not perish. We do not remember to have seen it in print before: —

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine, which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It was stated in a recent issue that Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester, England, is considered the greatest of living preachers, and that he is distinguished as a critical and well-balanced exegete. This fact is illustrated in his latest published sermon. The text is, "Edify one another," and he begins by saying that the word "edify" means literally "to build." The term "edification" signifies simply "edification," or the work of building an edifice. He then proceeds to apply the truth in his characteristically forcible way: —

"We are all builders; building up — what? Character, ourselves. But what sort of a thing is it that we are building? Some of us are constructing pig-sties in which gross, swinish lusts wallow in filth; some of us shops; some of us laboratories, studies, museums; some of us amorphous structures that cannot be described. But the Christian man is to be building himself up into a temple of God. The aim which should ever burn clear before us, and preside over even our smallest actions, is that which lies in this misused old word, 'edify' yourselves."

A most useful member of one of our patronising Conferences makes some statements so pertinent and convincing that we give them place for the good of our readers: —

"I have shared for some years the fears you expressed regarding the loss of power in prayer, or prevailing prayer, in the church. The term used to be 'pray through.' I like it. It means just what needs to be done so often in our church work to make it a success and especially permanent. One great power of the fathers lay at this point. When they had *prayed a soul through*, it could 'arise and take up its bed and walk.' Converts did not see men as treeswalking, but every man saw clearly. Young Christians could testify because they had something to say, and go forth to work because they had reached the place where they had a backing of spiritual power and were conscious of it. They could speak and work without coaxing. Yes, like those in Christ's day, you could not put the ban of silence upon them; they would tell it to the multitude, and the multitude would listen and be persuaded. You cannot run the Holy Spirit by the calendar and the clock. The time limit does not apply here."

One of our younger ministers especially distinguished for spiritual-mindedness and faithful and holy living, is so helpful and self-revealing in a personal note, that we venture (for the good it will do) to publish it: —

"I have come to my experience and settled faith through painful years. In a word, I have 'learned obedience by the things I have suffered' and have been 'changed from character to character,' step by step, seeing lengths and breadths of consecration of which I did not dream years ago, though my conversion was very clear and powerful; and I am seeing the beautiful simplicity of Christianity as never before, putting *all* into the hands of Jesus and simply relying, regardless of any and all feeling, upon the Holy Spirit Himself to do in, for, and with me just as we are faithfully and surely promised. How beautiful it is! And this 'great salvation' is becoming to me more wonderful and yet simple and sweet. Yet I know I am only just on the borders. I am looking to the widening fields beyond. It is from 'glory to glory.' How I rejoice in the thought of progress, with God's presence and guidance in peace and power, *so real to me.*"

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON XI.

Sunday, September 15.

Joshua 20: 1-9.

Rev. W. F. Holway, U. S. N.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

I. Preliminary.

1. **Golden Text:** *Who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us.* — Heb. 6: 18.

2. **Date:** B. C. 1444.

3. **Place:** Shiloh, seventeen miles north of Jerusalem, the capital at that time of the nation. The ark remained here for three hundred years.

4. **Home Readings:** *Monday* — Josh. 20. *Tuesday* — Deut. 19: 1-13. *Wednesday* — Num. 35: 9-15. *Thursday* — Psalm 91. *Friday* — 2 Sam. 21: 1-22. *Saturday* — Matt. 11: 25-30. *Sunday* — Heb. 6: 13-20.

II. Introductory.

The conquest of the land, in the rough at least, had been accomplished, and each tribe had received its allotted "inheritance." Apparently the last public act of Joshua before laying aside his office and retiring to his retreat at Timnath-Serah, was to arrange for the forty-eight priestly cities which were to be set apart by the other tribes for the portion of Levi, six of which were to be designated as "cities of refuge." These latter sanctuaries had been expressly provided for beforehand. Their necessity grew out of the rude state of law existing throughout the East, which in cases of manslaughter made blood revenge at sight obligatory upon the victim's next of kin. According to the Mosaic provisions, the manslayer, immediately after the deed was committed, was to flee for his life to the nearest of the appointed cities, the roads to which were to be always kept in the best condition. On arriving at the gates he was to state his case to the elders, and if the fatal stroke had been unintentional, protection was to be extended to the unhappy man until his innocence or guilt was fully established by a formal trial "before the congregation." The "avenger of blood" could act only as prosecutor in the city of refuge. If it appeared, by the testimony of two credible witnesses, that the accused had cherished hatred towards his victim, or had committed wilful murder, the right of sanctuary was to be refused; no atonement or ransom was to be accepted; he was to be delivered up to suffer the penalty of his deed. But if adjudged to be guiltless, he was required to abide in the city, not going beyond its precincts, until the death of the high priest, when the public loss and the grief occasioned by it, to say nothing of the typical meaning involved in it, might be supposed to swallow up all personal regrets and resentments; and then the manslayer was permitted to return to his family and estate.

III. Expository.

1, 2. **The Lord spake unto Joshua** — a repetition of a previous command given through Moses (Numbers 35: 9-34; Deut. 19: 1-13). The time had come for its fulfillment. **Appoint** (R. V., "assign") . . . **cities of refuge.** — They were to be six in number, three on one side of the Jordan and three on the other, and so located as to be easy of access from every part of the country. The roads to them were to be kept in careful repair, and sign-boards were to be erected bearing the word "Refuge." By the hand of Moses — through his agency or instrumentality.

Here is another proof of the harmony between the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. The one confirms the veracity and genuineness of the other (Wordsworth).

3. **That the manslayer that killeth any person unawares.** — Not to screen the wilful murderer were these cities appointed, but to afford opportunity for one who had taken life without intent to do so, to prove himself guiltless. The criminal could hope for no asylum in these cities, nor, indeed, in any place. The altar of God could not protect him, nor could rank or wealth exempt him from his doom (Num. 35: 31, 33). **Refuge from the avenger of blood.** — Among the Hebrews, and throughout the East, the nearest relative of a murdered person was in duty bound to avenge his blood. He was the legal *goel hadam*, the reclaimer of blood, and had the right to slay the murderer at sight wherever found except within the designated limits. Among the Hebrews these *asyla* were cities selected for the purpose; among the heathen they were usually idolatrous groves, temples, or altars. In the latter case, however, all fugitives were granted shelter without regard to innocence; in the former none but the innocent were allowed to remain.

In an unsettled state of society the execution of justice was necessarily left in private hands. The lowest stage of national development is where every one assumes the right of avenging alleged misdeeds at his discretion; and it was, therefore, already an upward step when prevailing custom restricted this right to certain persons, who, although wielding no public authority, were yet invested, *ipso facto*, for the time being, with a public character. It was in such a spirit that the unwritten code of the East conceded to the nearest kinsman of a murdered man the right of avenging the blood that had been shed. He was permitted to kill the murderer without notice, openly or secretly, wheresoever he might find him. Such rude justice necessarily involved grave evils. It gave no opportunity to the person charged with crime of establishing his innocence; it recognised no distinction between murder, manslaughter, and accidental homicide; it perpetuated family blood-feuds, the avenger of blood being liable to be treated in his turn as a murderer by the kinsman of the man whom he had slain. These grievances could not be removed as long as there was no central government strong enough to vindicate the law, but they might be mitigated, and to do this was the object of the institution in the text (Speaker's Commentary).

4. **Shall stand at the entering of the gate.** — The fugitive would pause at the city gate, under the archway of which the judges or elders usually conducted investigations. **Shall declare his cause** — explain the reason of his flight, the circumstances under which the homicide was committed, etc. **They shall take him into the city** — in case his statement should be of a character to convince them of his innocence, or the absence of any malicious purpose. He may dwell among them. — He could not safely leave the city or its "borders" (one thousand cubits beyond the walls, according to Num. 35); he forfeited the privilege of returning to his own home, excepting under the contingency mentioned in verse 6; but undoubtedly he could find occupation and self-maintenance in the city of refuge.

It may be asked why, if the proper judges were satisfied of his innocence of the crime of willful murder, he were not at once dismissed from their jurisdiction, and suffered to go at large as usual. The proper reply doubtless is: (1) That he might still be in danger from the enraged passions of the pursuer. (2) He was to await the issue of another trial. Verse 6. (3) His detention was probably designed as somewhat of a punishment for the rashness or heedlessness to which the homicide was owing. Something of a penalty was to be paid for carelessness, as well as for crime (Bush).

5. **If the avenger of blood pursue after him** — as in nearly every case he would feel bound to do. **They shall not deliver the slayer up** (R. V., "deliver up the manslayer") — if assured of his innocence. **Hated him not beforetime.** — Our Lord defined the essence of murder as hatred, or unholy anger.

Strictly speaking, the elders of the city of refuge never delivered even a criminal directly to the avenger; they delivered him to the elders of his own city, who in turn delivered him to the avenger after he had been taken home; so that no execution took place in the city of refuge. Deut. 19: 11, 12 (Johnson).

6. **Until he stand before the congregation.** — After the preliminary investigation by the elders at the gate and the reception of the fugitive into the city, a more deliberate and formal trial was apparently held before "the congregation." As the six cities of refuge were Levitical cities, the "congregation" would be composed principally of the sons of Levi — men learned in the Law. Compare Deut. 21: 5 with Deut. 33: 10 and 1 Chron. 26: 29. Such a trial would, in the nature of things, be impartial. **Until the death of the high priest** — whose death was regarded, both typically and actually, of so momentous importance, that all minor deaths would cease to be thought of. **Then shall the slayer** (R. V., "manslayer") **return** — the avenger of blood being absolved from any further duty in the case.

The high priest as the head and representative of the whole chosen family of sacerdotal mediators, as exclusively intrusted with some of the chief priestly functions, as alone privileged to make yearly atonement within the Holy of Holies, and to gain, from the mysterious Urim and Thummin, special revelations of the will of God, was, preeminently, a type of Christ. And thus the death of each successive high priest presignified that death of Christ by which the captives were to be freed, and the remembrance of transgressions made to cease (Speaker's Commentary).

7, 8. **They appointed** — R. V. "set apart;" consecrated, or sanctified. **Kedish** — in the north of Galilee, in the section allotted to the tribe of Naphtali. Whitney pronounces the site "a splendid one, well-watered, and surrounded by fertile plains." **Shechem** — between Ebal and Gerizim; thirty-four miles north of Jerusalem; called also Sichem, Sychem and Sychar; the modern Nablus. **Hebron** — twenty miles south of Jerusalem, and nearly 3,000 feet above sea level; the highest and oldest town in Palestine; the ancient Kirjath-arba, one of the homes of Abraham and containing his tomb. On the other side (R. V., "beyond") **Jordan** — in the district east of the Jordan, where the two and a half tribes were settled. **Bezer** — in the tribe of Reuben; said to have been twelve miles northeast of Heshbon. **Ramoth in Gilead** — about twenty-five miles east of the Jordan; afterwards prominent in the sacred history as the place where King Ahab was killed, and where Jehu was anointed king of Israel. **Golan** — supposed to have been about twelve miles northeast of the Sea of Galilee, and to have given its name to the province Gaulanitis.

Notice four features of the sinner's refuge: 1. There is no other. The Israelite fleeing from the avenger of blood might reach some other city, but there was no safety there. And "there is none other Name . . . whereby we must be saved."

> "Other refuge have I none,
> Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,

2. It is accessible to all. The cities of refuge were located at different spots, so that no place might be very far from one of them. And of Jesus we may truly say: "Thou art near, O Lord." 3. We must not leave it. The manslayer straying from the city of refuge ran the risk of being slain. See John 15: 1-8, on abiding in Christ. 4. Within it the safety is perfect. We can sing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," who says, "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand" (Stock).

IV. Inferential.

1. God's law guards the sanctity of human life.

2. Anger is murder in embryo.

3. The Law knows no mercy. It is an avenger of blood, with the drawn sword of justice on the track of every guilty man.

4. Christ is the only haven of refuge for sinner's pursued by a pitiless Law.

5. "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," no matter what the past has been. The believer can triumphantly ask, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died," etc.

6. Our safety is guaranteed only so long as we abide in Christ.

7. All should "flee for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them in the Gospel."

V. Illustrative.

1. To the fourth generation (it is the exact limit laid down both in the Bedouin custom and in the Mosaic law) the lineal descendant of a murdered man is to this day charged with the duty of avenging his blood. This institution, so deeply seated in the Arab race as to have defied the course of centuries and the efforts of three religions, was assumed and tolerated, like slavery, polygamy, or any of the other ancient Asiatic usages which more or less lasted through the Jewish times. But it was restrained by the establishment of the cities of refuge. If, for the hardness of the Bedouin heart, Moses left the Avenger of Blood as he found him, yet, for the tenderness of heart infused by "a more excellent way," he reared these barriers against him. The common law of the desert found itself kept in check by the statute law of Palestine (Stanley).

2. Only two degrees of manslaughter were recognized by the Mosaic law: one in which the manslayer was absolutely innocent, inasmuch as his deed was wholly accidental; and the other in which he was guilty of murder, having acted in passion, and with the intent to injure, whether with the intention of killing or not. In all malicious attempts to injure another, the criminal was made to suffer the identical injury which he inflicted (Exod. 21: 23-25; Lev. 24: 19-22). This was the rule of the Israelite magistrate only; but in our Lord's time it had been made the rule of private revenge; hence His words in Matt. 5: 38-42. It must be confessed that in practice our modern distinctions of murder into many minute degrees are but convenient avenues of escape for the guilty, and encouragement to such as cherish revenge and observe how lightly the most guilty escape just punishment. Witnesses were restrained from falsehood by the just requirement that they should be punished, if guilty of perjury, by the same punishment which would have fallen, had their testimony proved acceptable, upon the person against whom they testified (Deut. 19: 16-21). Witnesses were further restrained from untruth in capital cases by the requirement that, if the prisoner were condemned to die, they should throw the first stones, thus bringing to them the horror of committing actual murder by false testimony (Deut. 13: 10; 17: 7; Josh. 7: 25; John 8: 7). This requirement was probably operative only in those cases where the avenger of blood did not become the executioner. Where the avenger of blood, or, under the monarchy, the people executed the penalty of death, it was by stoning. Where the public officer executed it, he probably used the sword (Johnson).

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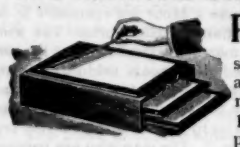

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Our Book Table.

Doctrine and Life. By George B. Stevens, D. D. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Company. Price, $1.25.

The author, a professor in Yale, furnishes in this delightful book a brief study of some of the leading doctrines of the New Testament in their relation to the inner life. The doctrines are approached on the side of experience rather than of speculation. The volume contains fifteen chapters on the being and attributes of God, sin and redemption through Jesus Christ, and the final attainment of eternal life. The topics for treatment are judiciously selected and the matter is distributed in the utmost order. His presentation of these themes is attractive and helpful; you are made to see their reasonableness, truth and beauty. Prof. Stevens has not given us a work on dogmatic theology, but rather a statement of the main truths in the Christian system in a way to be understood by plain but thoughtful people and as an aid in settling their faith in the eternal verities. The book is adapted to its purpose, and will be read with profit and satisfaction by a class of minds thinking along advance lines.

Introduction to the Study of the Gospel of St. John. By J. P. MacLean, Ph. D. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company. Price, $1.50.

MacLean's "Introduction" is replete with the new learning, arranged for practical use by the student. The volume contains the Greek text of Stephens, with an interlinear translation and the parallel authorized version. The author also inserts various readings of the editions of Elzevir (1624), Griesbach, Lachman, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Alford and Wordsworth. The Gospel of John is the battle-ground of the critics in the New, as is the Pentateuch in the Old, Testament. The work is at once defensive and expository. It deals with the authenticity, the composition and characteristics of the Gospel, as also its relation to other books of the New Testament. The volume gives evidence of much study and care, and cannot fail to prove acceptable to students of the Gospels.

Life and the Conditions of Survival. The Physical Basis of Ethics, Sociology and Religion. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. Boston: New England News Company. Price, $2.

This volume contains a course of fourteen lectures and discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association by leading students and thinkers. It is designed to show the importance of care for the physical nature as the basis of the spiritual or inner life. Evolution is the central thought, and each lecturer shows its relation to some phase of the material world. Water, Food, Labor, Clothing, Shelter and Sanitation are some of the leading subjects in the treatment. Prof. W. O. Atwater, Edward D. Cope, Dr. Chadwick and Rev. Edward P. Powell are among the lecturers whose words we have in this book. Dr. Chadwick has an able lecture on "Habit," which makes so large a part of every human life.

The Higher Critics Criticised: A Study of the Pentateuch for Popular Reading. Being an Inquiry into the Age of the So-called Books of Moses, with an Introductory Examination of Dr. Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." By Rufus P. Stebbins, D. D. With Preliminary Chapters on Higher Criticism and an Appendix Concerning the Wonderful Law. By H. L. Hastings. Boston: Scriptural Tract Society. Price, $1.50.

The core of this volume is Dr. Stebbins' "Study of the Pentateuch," to which the author comes with much learning, saturated with rare sense. The way to the "Study" is admirably prepared by the introductory material of Mr. Hastings, a man of acumen and power of statement, and the criticisms of Dr. Stebbins on the great work of Kuenen, the leader of the Dutch school of critic ism. "The Study of the Pentateuch" is an appeal to the common sense of the reader. The author is keen in his criticisms, and has a happy way of so revealing a fallacy that the reader cannot fail to see and be convinced. The truth in simple form is set over against the untruth of the higher critic, making the contrast impressive and conclusive. The work is not addressed to scholars, but is an appeal to the practical and sober thought of the people. Without concerning himself with the pre-suppositions and assumptions of radical critics, he asks the average reader, with his English Bible, to follow his lines of statement and argument, comparing them with "the sacred narrative and exercising the sound, practical judgment respecting its validity which he exercises in the common affairs of life." The result cannot fail to convince him of the errors into which the higher critics of the radical type have fallen. The contention of Dr. Stebbins is not against higher criticism as such, but rather against the extravagances and assumptions of the Kuenen school. In its temper, learning, acumen and clearness of view, the work is a model.

The Garden of Eden, U. S. A.: A Very Possible Story. By W. H. Bishop. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. The American News Company: Boston. Price, $1.

Ideal social and industrial conditions have been the dream of many fanciful people from the days of Plato. Edenic cities are easily painted by a vivid imagination, with all the modern improvements and without any of the ancient disadvantages. The author, in this book, tell of such a one in these United States. It was the creation of a many millionaire. It is pleasant to read about it in Mr. Bishop's elegant style, but whether our real, every-day people would find it altogether as comfortable as even their common-place homes, is not entirely certain. We have noticed that ideal cities require ideal citizens to fit in with their conditions. The author very well says that the better social and industrial conditions to which we aspire can be realised only by concessions on both sides. The Lord Jesus said that long ago, but the ideal conditions have not come, because there have always been people who would not concede anything to their neighbors. We are afraid it will continue so for a long time to come. The social conditions of people usually improve in proportion as the inward life is elevated and purified. The reform, to be of any value, must come from within. The kingdom of heaven is planted in the soul, and is realized in the outward world afterwards. Meantime the reader will be immensely pleased and instructed by the ideal city the author has brought before him.

The Lady of Shunem. By Josephine E. Butler. London: Horace Marshall & Son, 125 Fleet Street.

"The Lady of Shunem" is addressed to parents, especially to mothers, who in the training of their children need above all the mother heart. There will be difficulties, discouragements, delays, which even a mother's heart can endure only as she is supported by the promises and grace of God. There must come a time when parents surrender these burdens to the Lord; and with the surrender comes a calm, a confidence that the All-Father will take up our burdens and lift us. The thought is illustrated in the case of the woman of Shunem, of Abraham, of Hagar the typical outcast, and of Rahab the harlot. The book is written with much intelligence, insight into human needs and true resources, and tenderness and sympathy for those who have the care for and training of the young.

An Odd Fellow. A Tale of Today. By Charles B. Holding. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. Price, $1.25.

Under this odd title the author, the writer of several other works for the young, contrives to produce a striking family book, which cannot fail to have a run in the fireside and Sunday-school libraries. In the detection and delineation of character the author excels. To the youth desirous of mental and moral improvement the story will prove both stimulating and helpful.

A Pair of Blue Eyes. By Thomas Hardy. With an Etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn, and a Map of Wessex. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, $1.50.

"A Pair of Blue Eyes" is the republication of another of the author's charming Wessex stories. He furnishes an etching and a map of the country, but the reader is not to suppose his places can be found in the usual English geographies. The map gives the general contour and the relation of his ideal places thereto. As a true artist, he finds the scene of his story "in the region of dream and mystery. The ghostly birds, the pall-like sea, the frothy wind, the eternal soliloquy of the waters, the bloom of dark purple cast that seems to exhale from the shoreward precipices, in themselves lend to the scene an atmosphere like the twilight of a night vision." Though there are snatches of reality, the scenery of the story, like the characters, is for the most part ideal. The charm which accompanies the other Wessex tales goes with this one.

The Zeit-Geist. By L. Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Price, 75 cents.

This curious bit of fiction is professedly a record of the life and adventures of Bartholomew Toyner, who lived in the fen country beyond Lake Ontario. It is the picture of a life on the Canadian frontier. Toyner is a character with a dress, occupation, a dwelling, and even a religion, quite peculiar to the man. All sides of his curious personality are touched, and when we get to the end of the record we feel quite sure we know the man, who, though not a preacher, has become a religious force in the locality.

A Daughter of the Soil. A Novel. By M. E. Francis. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, $1.25.

The story pictures the trials and cares and joys of domestic life. The characters are distinctly drawn, and the plot has both unity and variety, unfolding like a flower from the centre of the stem. Ruth and Anthony stand out in relief and beauty on the pages of the book. Wedded love is the inevitable outcome.

Wealth and Waste. By Alphonso A. Hopkins, Ph. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, $1.

This able and suggestive book treats the principles of political economy in their relations to the present problems of labor, law, and the liquor traffic. The laws of production, distribution and consumption are considered, and emphasis is laid on the waste of the liquor traffic. Though designed for a text-book, the volume is extremely readable and adapted to both the student and popular reader. It is a dynamite tract on reform, a hot blast against the saloon.

Epworth League Bible Studies. By Edwin A. Schell, D. D., and S. A. Steel, D. D. Second Series. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 15 cents.

The issue of these Bible Studies is the realization of a happy thought. The studies are designed to anchor the social services of the League to the imperial Book containing our safest directions for the conduct of life, and to elevate the thoughts of the worshipers from the plane of mere experimental platitudes to that of broad and serious contemplation. For this purpose the topics are well chosen and the expositions brief and clear. The two series of studies are admirable practical manuals for the use of the young people grouped in the various chapters of the Epworth Leag ue.

The Foundation Studies in Literature. By Margaret S. Mooney. Silver, Burdett & Company: Boston. Price, $1.25.

The world of myth preceded the world of history, science and art, and the workers in the literary art went back, for their fancies and colors, to the great storehouse of Greek and Roman mythology. The works of the English masters, Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, and Milton, abound in allusions to the classic myth. "The golden key" to their works is a knowledge of this earlier world of the imagination. Miss Mooney, of the State Normal School at Albany, has constructed her book with reference to this fact. The several chapters deal, in order, with the "Nature Myths," the "Giant Forces of Nature," the "Trojan War and Cupid Myths," the historic legends, and the stories about King Arthur and his Knights. The stories in each instance are related, and quotations are made from the English poets who have given to them the fullest expression. For this purpose quotations are made from Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Longfellow, Keats, Holmes, Bryant, and others. The selections are judiciously made, and the group of studies are rich in suggestion and helpful to an understanding of our great English literature connected back in this way with the fables and legends and myths of the classic nations. The volume is adorned by many choice illustrations.

The Plated City. By Bliss Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.25.

This is a story of the wooden-nutmeg State. The scene is laid at Bartonvale, where the silver plate establishment, one of the largest in the country, is located. The controlling character is Dr. James Atwood, the manager and chief owner of the plate works, but the heroine of the story in Esther Beaulieu, whose father was a Canadian Frenchman and her mother a resident on "Nigger Hill." Her brother Tom was a favorite in the village, and the girl possessed many attractions despite her strain of dark blood. The benevolent and elegant people of Bartonvale were about as badly be-crazed by the black strain as a Southern mob, only they were a little more circuitous and elegant in their methods. The war against Esther, by trying to pass a rule restricting her use of the village library, ended with an attempt to drive her from the plate works, where her presence was a mortal offence to her fellow craftsmen. Is it not a fair compensation to find the fair mulatto capturing one of the fairest youths? The story is spiritedly told and holds the reader to the end.

How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon. By Oliver W. Nixon, M. D., LL. D. With an Introduction by Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., LL. D. Illustrated. Starr Publishing Company: Chicago.

This is not a history of the Oregon missions, nor even a complete biography of Dr. Whitman. The author's aim is, in a series of popular sketches, to emphasize "the heroism and Christian patriotism of the man who rendered great and distinguished service to his country, which has never been fully appreciated or recognized." The author was a teacher in Oregon for a time, and was thus able to come at many facts at first hand. He has given here what he believes to be an authentic record of Whitman's mission to Washington during the administration of Tyler, by which Webster was dissuaded from ceding the territory on the Columbia to the British. The book contains some notice of the early missions in Oregon, of the associates of Dr. Whitman, and of the founding of Whitman College by Dr. Eels. The volume is a valuable addition to the biography and history of the Northwest.

Ways of Working; or, Helpful Hints to Sunday-School Workers. By Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D. Boston: A. Wilde & Co. Price, $1.

The author of this admirable volume is a master in his department. He is familiar with the practical working of Sunday-schools. Knowing what a Sunday-school ought to be, he is also able to bring a defective school up to the regulation standard. The hints are helpful because practical. What is in the volume was first suggested and has been thoroughly tested in Sunday-school work. Dr. Schauffler opens with luminous chapters on the office, qualifications and work of the superintendent; he gives the teacher's preparation of himself and the lesson; he suggests the advantages to be derived from the library, the graded school and the primary class. Every part of the great problem is studied with care and will bear close examination by the reader.

Iola Leroy; or, Shadows Uplifted. By Frances E. W. Harper. With a Portrait. Boston: James H. Earle. Price, $1.

"Iola Leroy" affords vivid pictures of life among the colored people of the South, drawn by one of the race who has long been engaged in efforts to elevate her people in nearly all the States of the South. She is the author of several books, which have been admired both North and South, as "Forest Leaves," "Miscellaneous Poems," "Moses, a Story of the Nile," "Poems," and "Sketches of Southern Life;" but this will be her leading and best book. Though a story whose unity and action are well maintained, "Iola Leroy" is marked by high moral purpose and abounds in practical lessons which cannot fail to make it useful in the Sunday-school and family library. The

[Continued on Page 14.]

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THE CONFERENCES.

[Continued from Page 5.]

me. We are anxious to send them all over northwest India every month. We desire to fill out at least our forty years in India, and, the Lord willing, even our fifty."

Bakersfield. — The remains of Rev. A. Scribner, a former pastor, were brought to town and buried last week.

Fletcher. — Rev. R. F. Lowe and wife, with friends, ascended Mount Mansfield recently. It is a pleasant and elevating trip.

Alburgh Centre. — The camp-meeting began Friday, Aug. 30, and continued ten days.

Isle La Motte. — The old belfry on the church building has been taken down, and a new one is in course of erection. D.

New Hampshire Conference.

Dover District.

Hedding Chautauqua. — With favorable weather, with more prosperous times, with the able superintendence of Rev. O. S. Baketel, and with the blessing of God, an unusually prosperous season has been enjoyed. The summer school was favored with increased patronage. The art department was ably administered by Prof. Edward Hill. The large classes in cooking made great progress under the instruction of Miss E. K. Burr, of Boston. The French class was especially favored in having Rev. T. A. Dorion, a native Frenchman and an apt teacher, for its instructor. A specialist of wide reputation, Rev. O. S. Baketel, skillfully handled the Sunday-school Normal department.

The season of the Chautauqua Assembly, Aug. 17-24, will be a delightful memory to multitudes. He who made Hedding and its environs so attractive was propitious in every way from first to last. At the inception a copious rain cleansed, sweetened and beautified the encampment. Two preliminary entertainments furnished by the young people in the interests of the Association, deserve grateful mention, both for their superior merit and their financial aid. One was a miscellaneous program, pleasing in its variety and exceptional in its excellence. The other, a concert, with readings, by the Musgrove sisters, fully justified the high praise which has everywhere been awarded them. Prof. W. E. Thomas, interested manager, social favorite and model conductor, with augmented and improved orchestra, with superior vocalists and reader, reported for duty, Aug. 17. The inaugural concert surpassed all its predecessors. The Academia sermon on Sunday, by Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., was worthy of the occasion, and fully sustained his reputation for pulpit oratory. In the evening a tender service was held in memory of the departed friends and patrons of the Association.

The Bazaar, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, was a new feature. The ladies' decorative art converted the immense hall into an attractive bower. The tables were well supplied with donations of fancy and useful articles. These, with refreshments and the best of music, drew a vast throng of generous patrons, and ensured financial success.

All the lecturers met their engagements and the high expectations of their audiences. They were Edgar Blake, and Revs. D. Onstott, A. J. Hough, J. M. Durrell, C. W. Rowley, D. D., and O. S. Baketel, the latter dividing his time with Mr. Grilley, the famous elocutionist. Miss Edna C. Chamberlin, the eight-year-old child reader, appeared on nearly every public occasion. Her sweet ways and modest bearing won the hearts of all. Her perfect gestures, vocal expression, and subtle interpretation of the spirit of her favorite authors, stamp her as a genius. In spite of two or three unfortunate selections, the many hundreds who, spell-bound, listened to her, will wish to hear her again.

The quartet, composed of Mrs. E. F. Allen, Miss E. L. Monroe, Mr. H. C. Hayden and Mr. W. H. Rose (with Mrs. E. L. Tilton, pianist), all brilliant artists, were very popular with their audiences. The great orchestra, controlled by Prof. Thomas' magic baton, moved on with a confidence, precision, and delicacy of expression rarely equaled. Each soloist seemed to have mastered his instrument. The greatest chorus of any season, after a week's drill, was a grand feature in the closing concert, when they rendered Lakee's arrangement of Longfellow's famous composition, "Building of the Ship." Nearly two thousand people must have been present at this final concert, in which chorus, orchestra, vocalists and reader appeared at their very best.

The Association has a bright outlook, and all its friends are hopeful. The few who were present to graduate on Recognition day were no index of the extent of the Association's work, as scores of others had their diplomas mailed to them. The bookstore and counter of needful articles, in charge of Rev. J. A. Bowler, the efficient secretary, were well patronized. Mrs. Baketel, though greatly afflicted in body, attended to the duties of the C. L. S. C. office.

The work of this Association ought to be perpetuated. There ought to be a country resort where our people, old and young, can combine recreation with mental and moral improvement. Sermon, prayer-meeting, lecture, concert, studio work, class recitation and out-door sports, in good society and in due proportions, constitute an ideal vacation. Blessings on the Hedding Chautauqua! It comes as a benediction. It has come to stay. J. W. ADAMS.

Manchester District.

The District League Convention, to be held at *Claremont*, Sept. 17 and 18, promises to be a very interesting occasion. Great preparations are being made by the local chapter. A sunrise prayer-meeting at Flat Rock is to be held Wednesday morning. We want a representative from every chapter, and every church as well. If you cannot be represented, *be sure* to send written reports to Rev. C. U. Dunning. Let us make it a great occasion. Do not forget it! B.

Maine Conference.

Portland District.

On program of Sunday-school Association to be held at *Alfred*, Sept. 11, we notice from our workers that Mrs. W. J. Knowlton speaks on primary work, E. S. Everett conducts the question-box, and Rev. A. A. Lewis leads the singing.

Rev. A. W. Pottle rendered good service in conducting the camp-meeting at Old Orchard on Tuesday and Wednesday. Rev. H. E. Frohock preached at Chestnut St., Aug. 18, for the presiding elder. The sermon was favorably reported. He was also employed at Old Orchard for the Sabbath afternoon of Aug. 25, and recalled for temperance work. The young preachers of the district did valuable work at Old Orchard, singing, preaching, and leading meetings.

Saco. — Sixteen persons have been received into church relation, new chairs have been provided for the singers, and fifty copies of Pentecostal Hymns put into the vestry. Aug. 4 was observed as Old People's day. The pastor, Rev. A. A. Lewis, preached an appropriate sermon, the King's Daughters distributed souvenir cards with the text of the day, and fifty bouquets were also provided. This recognition of the seniors made a very pleasant occasion.

Woodfords. — The tide is setting toward this church. Since Conference 20 persons have joined the church by letter, 17 being full members and 3 probationers.

It is a good time now to get the dispersed children of Israel together in informal or formal church unions, and plan autumn campaigns for the largest work and most triumphant conquests for the glory of our King. He that does not utilize the pleasant autumn misses a valuable opportunity. P.

Portland District Camp-meeting, Old Orchard, opened Monday evening, Aug. 19, with a prayer-meeting conducted by Rev. A. W. Pottle, and continued till Friday evening. Sermons were preached by the following brethren: Joseph Hoyle, John Collins, C. W. Parsons, I. A. Bean, H. L. Williams, Fred A. Leitch, H. E. Frohock, William Wood, Robert Laughton, John R. Clifford, D. E. Grover. Wednesday was given to the Epworth Leagues. Short addresses were given in the forenoon by several of the brethren. In the afternoon a lecture was given by Ezekiel Taminosian, a native of Syria, to a large audience. The Leagues were well represented. The attendance was good, and a deep spiritual interest prevailed throughout the meetings. Presiding Elder Palmer was not able to be present during the first of the meetings on account of the death of his youngest daughter, and Rev. A. W. Pottle took charge. The Association is planning for a large meeting next year. The executive committee was instructed to plan on a sum not exceeding $250 for the expenses of next year's camp-meeting; also to secure an early date for the meeting if possible.

W. P. LORD, Sec.

Lewiston District.

Brunswick. — Rev. W. F. Holmes and family have received a warm welcome and are comfortably housed in the parsonage. The salary has been advanced $200 beyond that of last year. Indications point to a good year. Prof. Henry C. Sheldon, of Boston University School of Theology, is spending a few days in this beautiful and classic town, the scene of his first pastorate.

Rumford Falls dedicates the new church, Sept. 6, with sermons by Rev. G. D. Lindsay and Rev. E. T. Adams, followed by sermons on the next Sabbath by Rev. G. F. Durgin and the presiding elder. Rev. G. B. Hannaford desires to see all his old friends and many new ones on the day of dedication. Excursion trains and reduced rates over the Portland & Rumford Falls R. R. are expected. If any of said friends cannot come, they can make the pastor's heart glad and lessen the financial burden resting upon our society by sending to his address their gifts for the Lord's work. A dollar invested in Rumford Falls is sure to yield good returns.

Berlin, N. H., follows Rumford Falls closely, dedicating a new church early in October. Rev. F. C. Potter is pastor. Make his heart glad also!

Auburn. — The pastor, Dr. E. S. Stackpole, is using his vacation in delivering his lectures on "Modern Prophets," "Bible Inspiration," etc., at various camp-meetings, assemblies and institutes throughout the State. Union evangelistic meetings are planned for early fall.

JUNIOR.

Empire Grove Camp-meeting, East Poland, commenced Aug. 8, and closed Aug. 19, under the leadership of Rev. J. A. Corey, presiding elder of Lewiston District.

These grounds have become historic, having been used for camp-meeting purposes annually for thirty-eight years. Here large sums of money have been expended in improvements, and the grounds are now among the best in the State. The encampment consists of over sixty cottages, many of them fine specimens of architecture and noted for convenience and comfort, a good boarding-house and a spacious lodging-house of over twenty rooms, together with a number of society and family tents. Water from a genuine "Poland Spring" is distributed over the grounds in galvanized iron pipes, while stations on the Grand Trunk and Portland & Rumford Falls railroads are each within half a mile. The cottages were nearly all occupied, many of them as places of summer vacation so arranged as to take in the camp-meeting.

The meeting commenced with a spirited social exercise in the chapel on Thursday evening, participated in by a large number of preachers and laity. There were three preaching services, with two or three exceptions, each day of the meeting, frequently followed by altar services at the stand and social meetings in the tents and chapel. Nearly all the sermons were products of home talent by preachers in the Lewiston District, and were clearly above the average of discourses usually heard upon such occasions. The following preached, but not in the order in which they are named: Revs. T. W. Chapman, South Paris; A. K. Bryant, West Paris; W. F. Holmes, Hallowell; J. R. Remick, South Auburn; G. B. Hannaford, Rumford Falls; I. T. McBean, Turner; T. P. Baker, Mechanic Falls; J. H. Bound, South Waterford; E. S. Stackpole, Auburn; Charles E. Springer, Livermore; J. H. Roberts, Bridgton; Francis Grovenor, Norway; T. Whiteside, North Conway, N. H.; Alexander Hamilton, Bethel; R. A. Rich, Locke's Mills; J. B. Howard, Oxford; G. D. Holmes, Lisbon; George F. Durgin, Chicopee, Mass.; S. T. Westhafer, Bath; E. T. Adams, Lewiston. Several of these ministers preached twice.

While the number of people residing upon the encampment was about as large as in former years, the attendance from abroad was not quite equal to some years in the past, owing very largely to many cheap railroad excursions and the powerful rain on the last Sabbath of the meeting. Quite a number of conversions were reported, while the church experienced a great spiritual uplift. The very best of order prevailed throughout the entire meeting. The music, under the lead of Mr. Cook, of South Paris, with Mrs. Cook at the organ, was excellent. They organized a chorus choir, composed of a large number of fine voices from the different churches represented on the ground, and they not only gave some of the grand old tunes of "ye olden times," but choice selections from some of the best authors of the present day. There were young people's meetings and children's meetings at 1 o'clock each day, and both were well attended.

On Saturday of the second week the camp-meeting auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held its annual meeting at the stand. Interesting remarks were made by the officers of the Society, and the meeting was very enthusiastic and inspiring.

On Friday of the last week the Empire Grove Camp-meeting Association held its annual meeting, and, after hearing reports from the treasurer and directors, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Rev. J. A. Corey; vice-president, Rev. E. T. Adams; secretary, J. C. Davis; treasurer, Gen. J. J. Perry; directors, A. J. Gardner, W. H. Miles, Wm. R. Swan, Ethan Willis, S. H. Rodgers; auditors, W. P. Crafts, C. R. Houghton.

Although we had no "Western cyclone" or "gatling gun" to alarm the timid or amuse the thoughtless, we did have preached to us from the stand good and sound doctrines, practical godliness, genuine piety and the way to heaven. Taken as a whole, it was a very pleasant, interesting and successful meeting. P.

New England Conference.

Boston South District.

Worcester. — Vacation is about over, and soon we may expect to see normal congregations and everybody wearing the cheerful countenances that come from continued rest. And right here it will not be amiss to state that Worcester Methodists are in quite as fine feather as some of their older and wealthier denominational sisters. Our ministers have been away and are ready for the next campaign, but our Baptist friends are confronted with three empty pulpits, and they are casting about desperately for supplies. Now, Main St. Baptist hopes to secure Rev. Wayland Hoyt, of Minneapolis; but what a purse opening there will have to be before they get him! Six thousand dollars per annum is a snug little sum for a Worcester church of any denomination, and very few deem themselves able to pay it. Congressman Walker will have to respond generously, and then if, at some future date, he should fall out with the expensive dominie, what would follow? Rev. Mr. Southgate leaves Congregational Pilgrim Church for the classic precincts of Auburndale, and he leaves hosts of friends here. His going is our loss from whatever standpoint we regard it. Nice time his people will have to fill his place! They are tearfully girding themselves up for the task now. Then the West is determined to have that product of their own section, Rev. A. Z. Conrad, of the Old South. They have kept rising on their bids till now it would seem that $15,000 might fetch him. He never writes his name in full, but it is said that his middle appellation is Zenith, and that Arcturus was just there when he came into the world, so his astronomically inclined parents proceeded to bring the skies down to him. At any rate, there is no doubt that his star is high in the heavens and deservedly so. Still, what a fine time the Old Southers will have in filling the vacancy! Wonder if any of the wandering Methodists who followed this star to his shining place, viz., the Old South, will return when he departs? If all the perverts from Methodism who have followed popular preachers into other churches were to come home again, there would be a wonderful readjustment. All the foregoing is merely prefatory to the remark that all our preachers are on deck and prepared for action. When *we* change it is done at regular house-cleaning time — in the spring.

The Sterling Camp-meeting drew its regular contingent of pastors and people, and everybody reports a profitable season. It is impossible to overestimate the value of this Methodist watering-place, so close to the heart of the commonwealth. In looking over the list of speakers, it would appear that our ministers had their share of speaking. Our Swedes were there also, and our camp-meeting managers should see to it that they have all that is agreed upon in the way of time and facilities. We cannot afford to alienate one of this people. If they expect to have the platform and pavilion at a given time, then it should be theirs. To say nothing of them as Methodists, it is not too much to say that they alone have saved this city's passing over to all that may be considered bad in politics. We must hold them.

Not satisfied with what the Sterling meeting gave, our friend, Rev. Alonzo Sanderson, has inaugurated a tent-meeting of his own in Leicester. He is always inaugurating something or other. He has our Worcester preachers up to help him, and recently he got the Epworth Leaguers and Christian Endeavorers together, and they united easily. Leicester folks said it was one of the best meetings ever held on the hill. It involves a radical change of subject, but I must tell the HERALD readers that Mr. Sanderson rides a wheel; and now let all whom he seeks look out. He will find them in just half his former time — and every one knows that was very quick indeed. Only think of Alonzo Sanderson on a bicycle, and then fancy the results! It is quite unnecessary to state that he will get there, and that right speedily.

Miss Florence Sears, of Trinity, has returned from her recent European trip.

Miss Alice G. Arnold, of Grace, a teacher in the English High School, has a leave of absence during the coming year.

Representative Alfred S. Roe, of Grace, has recently returned from a somewhat prolonged absence in New York State, visiting among others his father, Rev. A. M. Roe, of the Northern New York Conference. QUIS.

Boston North District.

Sterling Camp-meeting. — All who are at all familiar with the meetings held at Sterling expect to hear a good report of the annual gathering. For years it has been one of the best meetings of its kind, and even the old-timers admit that this meeting was the best for many years. Many things conspired to this end. In the first place, the weather was remarkable; there was none of that Sterling dust which is so trying to the throat and clothes. There were no star preachers to make the ordinary man feel uncomfortable and to wish they had not attempted to declare their message.

The meeting was given a grand start by the Epworth League exercises of Monday. Rev. Messrs. Freeman, Haven, Hall and Paine and Mrs. Smiley had prepared themselves faithfully, and brighter and better addresses are not often heard at League conventions. Rev. A. M. Osgood conducted a helpful promise meeting and love-feast in the evening. A special Providence detained Dr. W. N. Brodbeck from the afternoon session that he might lead an inspiring and searching altar-service after the League sermon by Rev. G. S. Butters.

It was the general impression that all the preachers had a good time. It certainly is true that there was not at any period of the meeting a lack of preachers or workers for any kind of work which was necessary for the success of the service. Among so many excellent sermons it would hardly be just to put special emphasis upon any one man. The following is the order: Revs. W. N. Richardson, Alexander Dight, Charles Parkhurst, James Mudge, W. H. Thomas, C. H. Talmage, J. H. Mansfield, F. K. Stratton, G. W. Mansfield, E. T. Curnick, W. J. Heath,

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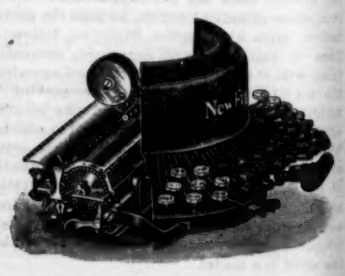

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and Geo. E. Sanderson. Presiding Elder Eaton had charge of the services and kept the people in warm sympathy and the meeting on the move. Drs. Knowles and Mansfield also were present a part of the time and heartily co-operated with Dr. Eaton in the exercises. The 6 o'clock meetings were full of enthusiasm and power, and even the preachers found it necessary to have a meeting by themselves at 6 o'clock in the morning that they might pray and work together. The Epworth League meetings at 1 o'clock were the usual attractive feature they have been for a few years. The tent and chapel meetings were more effective than usual and several genuine cases of conversion are reported. Prof. Dobbins had charge of the music, which was characterized by appropriateness and refined taste. The love-feast on Friday morning was a feast indeed, and 120 happy Christians testified of their affection for Christ and the church of their choice.

We have given an incomplete list of preachers, for some who did not preach from the stand doubtless contributed as much to the success of the meeting as their brethren who had the privilege of speaking at the regular services. For exhortation, personal work, cottage visitation and instructing inquirers, Rev. Messrs. Hall, Cheney, Tompson, Skinner, Simonson, Adams, Baird, Holway and Waterhouse were in labors abundant. Several evangelists and efficient laymen made their influence felt.

The meeting seemed to gain strength as it progressed until the climax was reached on Friday night. More than a dozen seekers of salvation presented themselves at the last service, and these added to others who had been seeking the Lord at other meetings made a considerable number who will have occasion to ever remember this year at Sterling.

The women always have a grand missionary anniversary, and at Sterling it does not make much difference if an advertised speaker fails to put in an appearance, for there is so much genuine missionary enthusiasm that it is easy to get speakers at short notice, and the money is contributed cheerfully without masculine exhortation.

Rev. G. E. Sanderson's text was: "It is good to be here," and the congregation were in harmony with the text. Many felt like Peter of old and would gladly have remained longer, but it was the closing hour; and as the result of the blessings of the few days at Sterling loyal hearts use the language of that text in daily service and say in any place of duty or opportunity: "It is good to be here."

GEO. S. BUTTERS.

Business Notices.

READ the last column on the 15th page for announcement of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

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The Artist Hero and Martyr.

ONE of the gentlest of men, the artist Thomas Hovenden, has proved himself, in the sudden call of duty, a hero and a martyr. A fortnight ago he met his death in attempting to save the life of a little girl. The pathetic part of the story is that the sacrifice was useless, since the child also was killed. The accident occurred at a grade crossing near Norristown, Pa., on what is known as the Trenton Cut-off of the Pennsylvania Railway. The Chestnut Hill Trolley Company's tracks run up to the tracks of the railway at the point where the accident occurred, but they do not cross. Passengers for the trolley are compelled to leave the cars at the railway tracks and then cross the latter on foot to take a trolley-car on the opposite side. Mr. Hovenden had a summer place near by and was returning home on the trolley. When the car reached the steam railway tracks, the passengers alighted and prepared to cross to the car on the other side. Beside Mr. Hovenden, among the passengers on the car were Mrs. Clara Peifer and her daughter Bessie, aged ten years. As the passengers alighted, a fast freight train approached the crossing. The little girl did not notice the train, and ran ahead of her mother across the tracks. When the engineer saw the little figure standing between the rails, he blew his whistle freely, but the child did not avoid the train, and seemed to have become too confused to move. Instantly Mr. Hovenden rushed forward and snatched the little girl in his arms, but before he could make the leap that would have saved them both, the engine struck him and hurled him with terrific force across the track. The engineer stopped his train as soon as possible, and he and the fireman ran to where Mr. Hovenden and the little girl were lying side by side. Both were dead. This tragic end of a singularly peaceful life will give a pathetic and mournful interest to Mr. Hovenden's pictures — all of them pathetic, and many of them mournful in tone. His best-known painting, "Breaking Home Ties," has been engraved more than any other of his works, and was perhaps the most notable picture in the American Department at the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago. His pictures were almost without exception character and figure pictures, telling a story. It may not be generally known that Mr. Hovenden was an Irishman by birth, and received his first art education in the Cork School of Design. When he was twenty-three years old, he came to New York and studied at the National Academy. Ten years later he went to Paris and became a pupil of Cabanel's. He returned to this country in 1880. — *The Outlook.*

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Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Colebrook, N. H., Camp-meeting,	Sept. 9-13
Maine State Epworth League Convention at Westbrook,	Sept. 11-13
Manchester District Epworth League Convention, at Claremont,	Sept. 17, 18
First General District League Sixth Annual Convention, St. Johnsbury, Vt.,	Oct. 3-3

BOSTON METHODIST PREACHERS' MEETING. — The first session following the summer vacation will be held in Wesleyan Hall, Monday, Sept. 16, at 10.45 a. m. Subject for discussion: "What should be the Attitude of the Epworth League toward the Society of Christian Endeavor?" W. I. Haven and J. D. Pickles will open the discussion.

C. W. WILDER, Sec'y.

NOTICE. — A tent meeting will be held in Tatnuck, a suburb of Worcester, commencing Sept. 8 and closing Sept. 15. Services on Sundays at 10.30 a. m., 3 and 7 p. m. Services during the week at 3 and 7.45. The meetings will be held on Chandler St., near the corner of Pleasant. All are cordially invited.

ALONZO SANDERSON, Sup't City Missions.
Worcester, Mass.

A CARD OF EXPLANATION AND GRATITUDE.— Mr. Leslie Winchenbach, of Friendship, Me., for whom money has been obtained to secure his admission to the Brooklyn Hospital, went to the hospital Aug. 23, in company with Rev. M. G. Prescott, and, after submitting to a most careful examination by the surgeons who promised him relief, concluded that he would not run the risk of an operation, and returned to Boston, Thursday, Aug. 29, *en route* for his home. He is grateful to his many friends for their great kindness in trying to help him to secure a sound body.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. — We appreciate the kindness of friends in the time of our sorrow. During the sickness of our daughter Alice, the people of Saco were lavish in their attentions and presents to interest her mind. The floral offerings for the burial were beautiful and abundant from the League, from her class of Thornton Academy, and from friends distributed from Maine to Massachusetts. The music by a male quartet of preachers was comforting and inspiring, and since the notice of our loss the mails have been bringing us letters of sympathy from all directions, which have expressed to us anew Divine truth recoined in sympathetic souls. Our solace is from heaven, where she has gone who from childhood has confessed her Saviour, and whose life has ever been a joy.

G. R. PALMER,
SARAH F. PALMER.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE meets Monday, Sept. 9, at 10 a. m., in the Bromfield Street Church. Subject: "Evangelical Faith and Life." Speakers: Rev. E. B. Webb, D. D., and two or three other eminent speakers to be announced later. WILL C. WOOD, Sec'y.

W. F. M. S. — There will be a meeting of the Montpelier District Society at the church in South Royalton, Vt., commencing Thursday evening, Sept. 12, and continuing through Friday, the 13th. Among the speakers expected to be present are Miss Cushman, of Boston; Mrs. Harrison, of Worcester; Mrs. Bailey, of St. Johnsbury; Mrs. Beeman, of Montpelier; Mrs. Parkhurst, of Boston; and Mrs. Thompson, of Lebanon.

Mrs. H. C. MCDUFFEE, District Sec'y.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

BOSTON EAST DISTRICT — SECOND AND THIRD QUARTERS.

SEPT.

1, a m, Tapleyville; 1, p m, Middleton; 5, Ipswich; 6, a m, Byfield; 6, p m, Topsfield; 9, Beverly; 13, Lynn, Trinity; 13, " St. Luke's; 15, a m, Linden; 15, eve, Swampscott; 16, Medford, First Church; 18, Marblehead; 19, Mt. Bellingham; 20, Reading; 22, a m, Lynn Common; 22, eve, Broadway; 23, Lynn Common, Q. C.; 25, Stoneham; 26, Medford, Trinity; 29, a m, Wakefield; 29, eve, Lynn Highlands; 30, Meridian St.

OCT.

2, Lafayette St.; 3, Wesley Church; 4, Peabody; 6, a m, Melrose; 6, eve, Saugus Centre; 7, Melrose, Q. C.; 9, Saratoga St.; 10, Malden Centre; 13, a m, Orient Heights; 13, eve, South St.; 14, South St., Q. C.; 16, Dorr Memorial; 18, Newb'yp't, People's Ch., Q. C.; 20, a m, Washington Street; 20, p m, People's Ch.; 22, East Gloucester; 23, St. Paul's; 24, Maple St.; 25, Bradford; 27, a m, Revere; 27, eve, Lakeside; 28, Ballardvale; 30, East Saugus; 31, Prospect St.

NOV.

1, Groveland; 3, a m, Belmont Ch.; 3, eve, Wilmington; 4, Belmont, Q. C.; 6, Maplewood; 7, Parker St.; 8, Cliftondale; 10, Everett; 13, North Andover; 14, Walnut St.; 15, Boston St.; 16, Riverdale, Q. C.; 17, a m, Bay View; 17, p m, Riverdale; 20, Rockport; 24, a m, Wellington; 24, eve, Faulkner; 28, Essex & Hamilton.

DEC.

1, Winthrop.

DEAR BRETHREN: This plan will admit of changes if needful and prompt notice is given. I have purposely left some spare days in the first half of December in which to hold adjourned quarterly conferences if desired. J. O. KNOWLES.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT — SECOND AND THIRD QUARTERS.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sept. 1, Cushing, a m, South Waldoboro, p m; 8, Southport, all day; 14, South Newcastle, eve; 15, Sheepscot, a m, West Alna, p m, Wiscasset, eve; Woolwich, Brooks; Dresden, Ross; Randolph & Chelsea, Preble; 22, Vassalboro (Union all day); *Pittston and *Whitefield; 29, Clinton, a m, Burnham, p m, Unity and Troy, Irvine, †Belfast, †Waldoboro.

Oct. 6, East Boothbay, a m; Boothbay Harbor, eve; †Damariscotta, †Union; 13, Pemaquid, a m, West Bristol, p m, New Harbor, eve; Dutch Neck and West Waldoboro, Morelen; 14-16, Ministerial Association at Bristol Mills; 20, Windsor, a m, Cross Hill, p m, North Windsor, eve; Rockport, Winslow; Camden, Father Beal and Folsom; 27, China (Union all day); *Searsport.

Nov. 1, 2, No. Palermo; 4, Montville, a m, Searsmont, p m and eve; 10, Round Pond, a m, Bremen, p m; 17, Friendship, a m, Cushing, p m; Rockland and Thomaston, Plumer; Spruce Head and South Thomaston, Bradlee; 24, Belfast, a m, Morrill, p m.

Dec. 1, Southport (all day); Woolwich, Price; Arrowsic, Ross; 8, Waldoboro' and Winslow's Mills; Damariscotta and Mills, Phelan; Pemaquid and New Harbor, Banghart; Sheepscot and West Alna, Morelen; Wiscasset and South Newcastle, Brooks; 15, Dresden Mills, a m, East Pittston, p m, Randolph, eve; Clinton and Benton, Pearson; 21, Unity and Troy; *Boothbay Harbor and *East Boothbay; 22, Camden, a m, Cir. L., p m, Rockport, eve; Union, Winslow; North Waldoboro and Orff's Corner, Chadwick.

*Pastor. †Pastors exchange.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCES.

Sept., Southport, 7; Spruce Head, 12; Cushing, 13, a m, South Waldoboro', p m; Sheepscot, 14, p m, Wiscasset, eve; North Woolwich, 17; Dresden Mills, 18; East Pittston, 19; Chelsea, 20; Vassalboro', 21; Clinton, 27; Unity, 28, p m; Morrill, 30, p m; Belfast, 30.

Oct., Boothbay Harbor, 4; East Boothbay, 5; Damariscotta Mills, 7; Winslow's Mills, 11; Orff's Cor., 11, p m; Medomak, 13, p m; New Harbor, 14, p m; Bristol Mills; North Windsor, 19; Union, 21; Rockport, 23; Camden, 24; China, 26.

Nov., Montville, 3; Searsmont, 5; Friendship, 16; Thomaston, 18; Rockland, 20; Searsport, 23.

Dec., Arrowsic, 2 p m, South Woolwich, eve; Wiscasset, 3 a m, Sheepscot, p m, Damariscotta, eve; Pemaquid, 4; Round Pond, 8, p m; Dutch Neck, eve; Waldoboro', 6; North Waldoboro', 7, p m; South Thomaston, 11, p m; South Dresden, 14; Randolph, 15; Windsor, 17; East Vassalboro', 18; North Vassalboro', 19; Benton, 20; Unity, 21, p m.

BRETHREN: When the hour is not mentioned, please announce quarterly conference for evening. With benevolences well in hand, may this not be a revival season? "All claims met, and one thousand souls for Jesus!" Yours for victory, W. W. OGIER.

LEWISTON DISTRICT — SECOND QUARTER.

SEPT.

Buckfield, 1, a m, p m;	Mechanic Falls, 15;
Turner, 1, eve;	Norway, 14, 15, a m;
Mason, 4, 5;	South Paris, 15, eve, 16;
Rumford Falls, 6, 8, eve;	Locke's Mills, 19;
Rumford, 7, 8, a m;	W. Paris, 20;
East Rumford, 8, p m;	Lisbon & Lis'n Falls, 21, 22;
North Auburn, 11;	Bridgton, 28, 29;

Denmark, 22, p m.
[Resumed next week.]

J. A. CORBY.

Marriages.

JOPE — HEWITT — In Cambridge, Aug. 28, by Rev. C. H. Hanaford, of this city, Richard H. Jope, Jr., of this city, and Nellie Hewitt, of C.

PARK — MARSHALL. — In Somerville, Aug. 26, by Rev. J. O. Knowles, D. D., Rev. George Melville Park, of Presque Isle, Me., and Elizabeth Frances Marshall, of S.

MCFADDEN — GRANT — In Moro, Me., Aug. 27, by Rev. Geo. J. Palmer, Richard A. McFadden and Ellen L. Grant, both of Dyer Brook, Me.

The *Advance* thus calls attention to a very important fact: —

"President Andrews, of Brown University, thinks that the most significant of present facts is the reawakening among intellectual leaders of regard for religion, that the pendulum which had swung so far out toward unbelief is traveling back and that 'a new age of faith awaits civilized countries.' Darwinian unbelievers have had their day, and today not a recognized leader in science or an evolutionist of repute longer stigmatizes religion as a delusion."

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★ JOHN H. VINCENT, Dept. K, BUFFALO, N. Y. ★
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SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT. — Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier)

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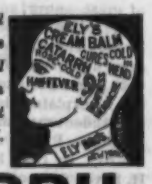
It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and is worth its weight in gold. I can use Ely's Cream Balm with safety and it does all that is claimed for it. — B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.



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ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

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TRADE BOOTH'S **HYOMEI** MARK
"DRI-AYR"

Cures Hay Fever and Catarrh.

PRICE (by mail) $1.00.

326 WEST 33D STREET, NEW YORK, July 20, 1895.

Dear Mr. Booth:
Mrs. Stryker and I use the little Pocket Inhaler daily, and we regard it as a splendid companion. One of us has suffered many years with asthma, and the other from difficulty in breathing. After using *Hyomei* for nearly a month, we both find ourselves greatly relieved, and we are recommending **the remedy to our friends,**

REV. FRYER STRYKER, D.D.,
Pres. General Synod Reformed Church, and Pres. of Stryker Seminary.

BRIDGTON, N. Y., February 6, 1895.

The pocket inhaler works like a charm. The first inhalation gave relief. *It is a blessing to humanity*, and I am sorry it is not better known. I add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

Sincerely yours,
REV. J. M. FARRAR, D.D.

MAYFLOWER COTTAGE, July 31, 1895.

Mr. R. T. Booth:
Enclosed find $1 for two extra bottles of *Hyomei*. I am entirely cured of Hay Fever, but I do not like to be without your remedy.

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HYOMEI is the now famous

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Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs and microbes which cause diseases of the respiratory organs.

The air, thoroughly charged with **Hyomei**, is inhaled through the Pocket Inhaler at the mouth, and, after permeating the minutest air cells, is slowly exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, inexpensive, and gives immediate relief. It stops all spasmodic coughing instantly, clears the voice, expands the lungs, and increases the breathing capacity.

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Our Book Table.

[Continued from Page 11.]

author is a keen observer and exhibits not a little power of delineation. There are many thrilling episodes of war-times and examples of women set free from the thralldom of slavery.

Selected Essays of James Darmsteter. The Translations from the French by Helen B. Jastrow. With an Introduction and Memoir by Morris Jastrow, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, $1.50.

James Darmesteter, a disciple of Rénan, and second only to his master in linguistic and philosophical acquisitions, was the son of an humble Jewish bookbinder, born at Chateau-Salins, March 28, 1849, and died in Paris, Oct. 19, 1894. The seven essays here given afford examples of his rare and wide scholarship. "The Religions of the Future," "The Prophets of Israel," "Afghan Life," "Tradition," "Ernest Rénan," "The Jews," and "Indo-European Mythology," are his themes. He wrote with depth and originality, and sometimes with bitterness toward the Christian faith. As a descendant of Abraham, he naturally emphasized the Jew factor, in modern as well as ancient civilization, and awaited the day when the Gospel according to Isaiah should find fuller expression in the Christian Church.

The Book of the Fair. Issued in 35 Parts, at $1 each. Part XIV. Chicago: Bancroft Company.

The Chicago Fair deserves to be named as the eighth wonder of the world. No similar exposition of the world's art and industry has equaled it in either massiveness, variety, quality of material, or expressiveness of universal progress. This "Book of the Fair" is the grandest exposition of the brilliant spectacle. Other publications have been issued, but they are all cheap compared with this *opus magnum*, which bears down to the future some adequate image and likeness of the marvels in the vanished city. No pains have been spared to insure absolute perfection in the literary and mechanical execution of the work. In its entire make-up the publishers have adhered to the high standard at first adopted. The thick, calendered paper, the large, open type, and the stream of pictures flowing across nearly every page, make the whole a delight to the eye and a source of recreation as well as of information. The completed work will be a treasure of which any family or individual may well be proud. This Fourteenth Part contains the closing of the seventeenth chapter, on the fisheries of the world, and the opening of the eighteenth, on transportation.

How Tommy Saved the Barn. By James Otis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. Price, 50 cents.

James Otis, of Portland, is a favorite writer for children. With an easy and vivacious style, he knows how to tell a story with clearness and animation. This volume contains an account of three city waifs who were invited by a good deacon to visit the country. Of these, Tommy was the hero. He proved himself to be the good boy, who extinguished the fire accidentally kindled by a couple of tramps in the barn. The book will be sure to please the lads.

A New Programme of Missions. By Luther D. Wishard. With an Introduction by Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D. (Price, in cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents). The point of attack and the particular forces to be detailed for the work are as important in spiritual as in military operations. The colleges of Christendom are centres of great power, and Mr. Wishard's plan is to make them the centres of evangelization in all lands. The plan is admirable, and cannot fail to exert a powerful influence on the strongholds of both paganism and unbelief. In six brief chapters he explains his method, and illustrates it by the student movements in both the East and the West. — Pleasure and Profit of Bible Study. By D. L. Moody. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 50 cents.) The Bible studies of Mr. Moody, though not broad in the scope of learning, are intense. He comes to them with a burning zeal; his words glow with the intensity of his interest. It is a great merit in Mr. Moody as a teacher that he keeps close to the great Book. In this little volume he tells the reader how to study it so as to get hold of the pith and inner sense as well as the cold letter. — The Estrangement of Young People from Christianity. Translated from the French of Eugene Bersier by J. E. Rankin, D. D. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, 50 cents.) With young people the transition from youth to middle life is always a testing-time. They have outgrown their child views and are in danger of exchanging them for those which are worse instead of better. At this period they need careful and wise counsellors. One of these is Bersier, whose advices in this little book will help many a one over the bar. Dr. Rankin has performed a good service in turning the address of the French preacher into good English. — The Breath of God. By Rev. Frank Hallam. (New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, 75 cents.) This little volume contains a sketch, historical, critical and logical, of the doctrine of inspiration, as affected by the work of the higher critics. It is a note of warning. The author, while setting forth "the spirit and force of convictions of the critics," withholds his own conviction upon the details of criticism. — Outline Lessons for the Study of Ancient Geography. By Francis M. Austin, A. M. (Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.) Prof. Austin, an instructor in Latin at Wilbraham, has prepared this outline to meet a felt want in the study of the classics. Mere reference to the ancient atlas is not enough; there needs to be a certain amount of drill in map study and map drawing. This is secured by the use of these brief outlines. The booklet contains much in little, and will be welcomed by students of the classics as a most admirable help to an understanding of the text-books. — Song and Study for God's Little Ones. Edited by Miss Bertha S. Vella, assisted by C. C. McCabe, D. B. Towner and W. N. Hartshorn. (Chicago: R. R. McCabe & Co.: 100 South Clinton St. Price, 25 cents.) The author is an expert in the training of children, and from her large experience she has made this collection of songs, studies and services for primary classes and junior societies. Song and study are delightfully combined. Her own success in the use of the collection led many to solicit its publication in this neat but cheap form. Primary-class teachers will welcome the volume as one of the best helps in their work — Infectiousness of Milk: The Result of Investigation made for the Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture. (Published by the Society in Boston.) In 1887 this Society established an experiment station at Forest Hills, in Boston, "to study the dangers to human life and health arising from the food products of cattle." This led to the discovery of disease lurking in various parts of the animal, and finally to tuberculosis. The way the disease infects the milk is shown in the diagrams and descriptions of this pamphlet. — Crowns. Illustrated by Blanche McManus. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Company. Price, $1.) This book is a study of the rewards of well-doing. There are some twenty crowns described in the text and illustrated by the artist. The suggestions are taken from the Bible, and the story of each is admirably set forth in text and illustration. — Choice English Lyrics. Selected and arranged by James Baldwin. (Boston: Silver, Burdett & Company.) Though brief, this volume of lyrics, belonging to the series of "Select English Classics," in course of issue by this house, is made up of winnowed songs. The selection has been made with rare judgment and taste from a mass, and is adapted to the needs of the ordinary reader. If not large, the volume is full and rich, containing songs of the season, of love and war, ballads, sonnets, lyrics of life, and religious melodies. — Songs of Love and Praise. No. 2. For use in the Meetings of Christian Worship or Work. Edited by John R. Sweeney, W. J. Kirkpatrick and H. L. Gilmour. (John J. Hood: Philadelphia. Price, 35 cents.) In the words and music the editors have availed themselves of the material, old and new, accessible to them, and have succeeded in furnishing a book attractive in appearance and well adapted for use in social services. — The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Edited, with notes, by Homer B. Sprague, A. M. (Boston: Silver, Burdett & Company.) "The Lady of the Lake" is here issued as a volume in the series of "Studies in English Classics," adapted to the use of teachers and pupils in the higher schools. Besides the text, the volume contains brief notes, suggestions, plans of study, chronological outline, and topics for essays. For its purpose the volume is complete. — Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson. Edited by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. (Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. Price, 25 cents.) A fresh volume of "The Students' Series of English Classics." The book is neatly gotten up and carefully edited. It contains in this tiny form everything the student will need in the study; and it is, for this reason, adapted for use in schools. — Cash *vs.* Coin. By Edward Wisner. (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. Price, 25 cents.) This is an answer to "Coin's Financial School." The tract contains a specious plea for the free coinage of silver. The play on terms and figures is adroit, but the argument seems to remain with the "Coin's School." — The Ninth Biennial Report of the Kansas Board of Agriculture for 1893-1894. (Hamilton Printing Company: Topeka, Kansas.) This Report gives the results of the harvests for these years, and suggests methods of improvement by irrigation, subsoiling, and the culture of alfalfa and sorghum. Something has been done in these lines, and more can be. West Kansas is dry and valueless. People will do well to keep out of it until the Board of Agriculture discovers a better method of irrigation. — Vest Pocket Companion for Christian Workers. By R. A. Torrey. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 25 cents.) This tiny manual contains a choice selection of texts, classified for the practical use of the Christian worker and printed in full. It is an admirable Bible help. — Risen with Christ. By A. J. Gordon, D. D. (New York: F. H. Revell Company. Price, 25 cents.) This Easter booklet contains the late Dr. Gordon's address at Northfield last year on the resurrection of Christ and of the believer. Like everything from Dr. Gordon, this address is at once instructive and devout. — The First Communion. By Henry M. Booth, D. D. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Company. Price, 15 cents.) This little book contains a series of excellent instructions and counsels for one coming to the first communion. — The Living Christ. An Easter Sermon by Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D. (E. P. Dutton & Company: New York. Price, 25 cents.) Like all the productions of that marvelous preacher, this Easter discourse is a work of art. His words are as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." The man is always behind the printed, as he was behind the spoken, sermon. — Christianity and Our Times. By R. P. Brorup. (International Book Company: Chicago.) This paper-covered book, with fifteen chapters, treats the issues of the hour. The relations of the Gospel to the theological and industrial questions which disturb the people, are considered in various phases. Of course evolution is a starting point, and woman suffrage and the struggle of the races bring up the rear. — A Lesson from the Upper Room. By Irs S. Dodd. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co: New York. Price, 25 cents.) The upper room has disappeared. The church has risen above her early conditions; but the lesson of love, fellowship, union and brotherliness learned there remains for us in the great world. The essence of all true religion is love. When that goes, all is gone, save the husk. — With What Manner of Body Do They Come? By Joseph Merlin Hodson. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Company. Price, 35 cents.) The resurrection body is the theme of this little volume. It is an exposition, in part, of 1 Corinthians 15, after the manner of Swedenborg. At death the new spiritual body emerges from the mortal remains and the man lives on forever. Beautiful speculation! Study the words of the Master and St. Paul.

Religions of the World in Relation to Christianity. By G. M. Grant, D. D. (A. D. F. Randolph & Company: New York. Price, in paper, 30 cents.) This work of Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Canada, is a volume in the "Guild Text Books" series on the non-Christian religions of the world. The author considers in a brief, scholarly and fruitful way Mohammedanism, Confucianism, Hinduism and Buddhism, giving the sources of their strength and weakness. The whole subject is ably presented, and the points are well made. He touches these false faiths with Ithuriel's spear. — Landmarks of Church History to the Reformation. By Henry Cowan, D. D. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Price, 30 cents.) Though very brief, this sketch of the history of the Church is extremely well done. The periods are sharply drawn and truthfully characterized. The picture is small, but distinct and bright. It makes a handsome addition to the "Guild Text Books" series, in course of issue by this House. — That Monster, the Higher Critic. By Marvin R. Vincent, D. D. Biblical Inspiration and Christ. By Marvin R. Vincent, D. D. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Company. Price, each, 25 cents.) These two pamphlets by Prof. Vincent are clear in thought and forceful in expression. Though carefully guarded, they follow the trend of the new criticism. To the author, the higher critic seems not to be the monster he has often been pictured. He is simply a great scholar, not content to abide in the husk of truth, nor to accept the assertions of former scholars simply because they said so, but intent on going to the root of truth for himself. — A Woman of Impulse. By Justin Huntley McCarthy. (G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. Paper, 50 cents.) This volume forms an instalment of the "Hudson Library," a series of attractive fiction by authors from both sides the Atlantic. The younger McCarthy's stories are always readable. He had already shown his capacity to paint brilliant pictures in his historic volume on the opening scenes of the French Revolution. Like his father, he can deal in either fact or instructive fable. — The Power of the Will, or Success. By H. Risborough Sharman. (Roberts Brothers: Boston. Price, 50 cents.) Success in life is not usually an accident. The prize is gained by a steady and well-directed purpose and effort. The candidate for success needs to see what is possible with existing conditions, what ought to be done, and then, like the man in the race, to bear down upon the goal. The suggestions contained in this book are certainly pertinent, and cannot fail to be helpful to one desirous of gaining self-conquest. — Hidden Depths: A Tale for the Times. By F. M. F. Shene. (Chicago: Rand, McNally & Company. Paper.) "Hidden Depths" which take hold on hell are all about us; every house of shame opens to the sulphurous region. The terrible things of that under world are horrifying and unspeakable. The objection to this book is its truthfulness. There are sins and shames which may best be known only to those who have to deal with the reality. We do not think it would be well to put the scenes of the slaughter-house into a popular story — it would not help to cultivate tenderness and gentleness; as little do we think scenes of corruption in the hidden depths of society should be brought to the surface in popular literature to be read and dwelt upon by the young. — The Musician's Year Book. Compiled by Margaret Reintzel. (E. P. Dutton & Company: New York. Price, $1.) This handsome little volume contains something for each day in the year. The names of distinguished musicians are given in their places, with dates of birth and brief, pertinent passages from their writings. The book cannot fail to be prized by the lovers of music. — The Promise Fulfilled. By Rev. A. B. Earle, D. D. (Boston: James H. Earle. Price, 30 cents.) Dr. Earle, the author of this little volume, who has just passed over to the other side, was an apostolic man whose fame was in all the land, and whose usefulness as an evangelist was everywhere recognized. He knew how to speak to the heart and conscience of the hearer and how to write as well. He had published "Incidents" of his work before; but as he came up into the eighties, and was no longer able to be abroad among the churches, he sent forth this fresh bundle of incidents which had not been given to the public. — Proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, at the Twenty-first Annual Session, held in Nashville, May 23-29, 1894. Edited by Isabel C. Barrows. (Boston: George H. Ellis.) "The National Conference" considers some of the most important questions relating to the dependent classes in our population. Besides a record of the daily proceedings, this volume contains the annual presidential address and many of the papers read at the conference on such topics as "Public Relief," "Child-Saving," "Reformatories," "The Feeble-Minded and Epileptic," and "The Insane." It contains a list of State institutions and reports from the various States of the Union. It is valuable to those who wish to be well informed in regard to charities and the modes of correction employed in various parts of the country. — Littell's Living Age. Sixth series. Volume V. January, February and March, 1895. (Boston: Littell & Co. Price, $2.75.) In the present volume, as in those preceding, are contained choice selections from the best periodical literature of England. The best expression in current literature, science, politics and history is given in the language of distinguished writers. The *Living Age* has always been rich in fiction, and this volume forms no exception. The constant reading of the *Living Age* is, in itself, a liberal education. — Selections from the Works of Robert Browning. Edited and Arranged for the use of Schools by Charles W. French. (New York: A. Lovell & Co. Price, 50 cents.) To those devoted to the Browning cult, this little volume will have a special value. It contains a choice selection, made with great care by one who has had experience in teaching, from an author whose works are rich in thought and powerful in expression. The book may be used in the high school and academy as well as in private. It includes some of the best of Browning's poems. — Little Arthur; or, The Ministry of a Child. A Tribute to the Memory of Arthur Ninde Potts. By his Father. (Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts.) A tribute, beautiful and tender, of a father to the memory of his darling little son, who has passed within the vail. Many a stricken parent will read its pages with sympathy and tears. Sorrow makes the world akin.

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Obituaries.

Bent — Bent. — Margaret B. Bent died in East Boston, Mass., March 18, 1895, and on the 25th was followed into the invisible world by her husband, James S. Bent. He was 89 years old and she 78. He was born in Annapolis, and she in Shelburne, N. S.

They had resided in this country about forty-five years, and on June 26, 1888, celebrated the golden anniversary of their marriage. She had been a member of the Methodist Church fifty years, and her husband came into the Meridian St. Church in 1858. Both joined the Saratoga St. society when the present church was dedicated. They were very highly esteemed, and came to their graves fully ripe for heaven. Father Bent was as vigorous as usual up to his beloved wife's death, and accompanied his children to her grave; but his heart was broken, and in a week he joined her in the union which knows no separation. They leave to four sons and four daughters the fragrant memories of their devoted and pious lives.

Rev. G. R. Bent, a cousin of the deceased, assisted their pastor in the funeral services.

F. W.

Newcomb. — Jesse P. Newcomb was born in Quincy, Mass., Oct. 19, 1814, and died very suddenly in Stoneham, Mass., July 15, 1895.

In early life Mr. Newcomb was brought to Christ under the preaching of the late Rev. John T. Burrell, for whom he ever entertained a high regard. The text which led to his conversion was: "He that is not with me is against me." Mr. Burrell was then pastor of the M. E. Church at Quincy Point, and with it Mr. Newcomb united, becoming one of its most active and chief supporters.

For marked energy and determined perseverance he was most remarkable. Early in his business life he was extensively and successfully engaged in the manufacture of shoes for a New Orleans market; but during a financial depression in 1842 he lost very heavily, which discouragement had the tendency, for a time, to somewhat diminish his business zeal. Later he engaged with success in the manufacture of custom boots and shoes, being located for many years in Boston, where he had many friends and acquired a wide reputation for thorough and honest work. A portion of the time he was also engaged in French importation.

In 1872, Mr. Newcomb removed from his native town to Newton Highlands, where he had an attractive home. He united with the M. E. Church at Newtonville. Here he was again overtaken by business reverses which, though at times weighing heavily, yet were met with the same characteristic, determined and truly wonderful perseverance. His activity and energy continued to life's very verge — he having attended to his business in Boston as usual on Saturday, the 13th. In a prayer but a few days preceding his death he thanked the Lord for chastening, feeling that it had drawn him nearer to Christ.

Consequent upon events prior to becoming a resident of Stoneham, Mr. Newcomb's home was for a period in Chelsea. He was twice married, his first marriage being with Miss Priscilla Sampson, of Quincy, and his second with Miss Sabrina Nash of Denmark, N. Y. He leaves a wife and two married daughters.

In his home his presence and coming step are keenly missed, but with the loved he has rest.

Currier. — J. Warren Currier, was born in Salisbury (Ring's Island), Mass., Nov. 20, 1815, and died in Newburyport, Mass., April 21, 1895.

He was united in marriage with Miss Margaret L. Cilley, sister to the writer, and their wedded life of more than fifty years was singularly peaceful and happy. Four children were given to them, all of whom became Christians in early life.

Mr. Currier experienced religion about the year 1850, under the ministry of Rev. I. J. P. Collyer, and united with the old Liberty Street M. E. Church in Newburyport. For many years he served here faithfully as an official member. When the church was moved from Liberty Street to Washington Street he removed his relation to the People's M. E. Church on Purchase Street, where he held his membership until his death.

Mr. Currier was emphatically a good man. Even before his conversion, he led an upright life; yet his conviction of sin was very pungent and his conversion most powerful, attended with a marvelous baptism of the Holy Spirit. He so adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour, that his life was above reproach; and few men have ever lived so long without a stain upon life or character.

His was a Christian home, and among other sanctifying agencies, ZION'S HERALD was a weekly visitor for more than forty-five successive years.

For several years previous to his death he was an invalid — a patient but great sufferer; yet at last his death was sudden and unexpected. His dear wife and two noble sons preceded him to the heavenly mansions, and no doubt welcomed him to the home of the blessed. His precious memory is cherished by two surviving daughters — Mrs. Emma G. Goodwin, of Newburyport, and Mrs. Margie W. Perkins, of Westboro, Mass., and by many other relatives and friends.

M. T. CILLEY.

Cooke. — Josiah Cooke died in Sioux Falls, S. D., Feb. 27, 1895. Born in Franconia, N. H., in 1807, he was in his 88th year.

The family moved to Whitefield when he was yet a small boy, and at a time when the country was quite new. When he was about sixteen years of age he assisted in organizing one of the first Methodist classes in that region. From that time on for over seventy years he was a devoted Christian and an ardent Methodist, giving liberally of his time, talents, and means for the establishment and support of the church. His home was the home of the itinerant ministers. To such laymen the Methodism of New Hampshire is not a little indebted for its prestige.

In 1847 he moved to Nashua, where he was an official member of the Main Street Church till his removal to Sioux Falls in 1889. His long and faithful services as class-leader, as steward and as trustee are now a part of the sacred history of that church. His works do follow him.

It may be truly said of Josiah Cooke that he was a high-minded Christian gentleman of the old school, such as our Methodism delights to honor. The character of the man and his home stand for the best in Methodism — its literature, its ethics, and æsthetics. For over fifty years ZION'S HERALD had a place at his fireside. It is a supreme satisfaction to know that his long and useful life is unmarred by a single stain.

He died in the faith after a brief illness, surrounded by his wife, children and grandchildren, all of whom stood by his bedside, and who may truly feel that he has left them an inheritance richer and better than gold.

J. O. D.

Lewis. — Mrs. Jennie E. (Partridge) Lewis, wife of George N. Lewis, was born in Bristol, Maine, Oct. 9, 1846, and died at her home in Pemaquid, Me., June 11, 1895.

Mrs. Lewis was the daughter of the late J. W. Partridge. She was married July 3, 1868. Her husband, an official member of the M. E. Church, now survives her. She was converted at the age of thirty and at once became identified with the interests of the church, and continued thus to the end of life. She was of good Methodist family, and inherited sterling traits of character; was independent in thought, and positive in her convictions.

Although of somewhat feeble constitution, she was always active and cheerful, but doubly so after becoming a Christian. Her presence was a benediction to her friends. Her home was always a happy one.

Her last illness, though very distressing, was short, and borne without a murmur. The bereaved husband, mother, sister and brothers, although inexpressibly sad at the parting, are comforted with the bright hope of meeting bye and bye in the beautiful city where separation and sorrow are unknown. J. A. MORELEN.

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 27.

— The French force in Madagascar captures Andriba.

— President Faure of France tenders a reception to Admiral Kirkland and other U. S. naval officers at Havre.

— Four of the leaders of the attack on missionaries at Ku-cheng executed.

— Three hundred persons poisoned by something eaten at a Lutheran church festival at Tracy, Ind.; the sufferers expected to recover.

— Four murderers taken from the jail in Treka, Cal., and hanged by a mob.

— Librarian Spofford denies that he has wrongfully withheld any money belonging to the government.

Wednesday, August 28.

— Over 20,000 Knights Templars take part in the great parade in this city.

— Secretary Lamont issues the order placing the additional star for Utah in the national flag.

— A convent burned in Italy; eight nuns perish and others fatally injured.

— A fight pending over the right of the City of Chicago to use the water of the Great Lakes for drainage purposes.

— Ex-Senator Ransom reappointed minister to Mexico.

— Portland, Me., entertains the officers of Admiral Bunce's squadron at a dinner and reception.

— Gen. Alfaro's forces occupy the capital of Ecuador.

Thursday, August 29.

— A solid silver dinner service and a piano awaiting the arrival of the U. S. cruiser "Minneapolis" at this port — gifts from the city after which she was named.

— The 80,000 Negroes in Baltimore credited with $4,000,000 of real and personal property.

— Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, in a letter from Switzerland, severely scores the New York police department and Senator Lexow.

Friday, August 30.

— Aluminum being manufactured by the Pittsburg Reduction Co. by means of power supplied by Niagara Falls.

— The American Association for the Advancement of Science meets in Springfield.

— Death of Yale's oldest graduate — Rev. Samuel Bissell, of Ohio; he was graduated in 1823.

— The Knights occupied with receptions, banquets, visiting historic places, etc.; Eminent Sir Knight La Rue Thomas elected Grand Master of the Grand Encampment.

— Four violent earthquake shocks felt in Mexico.

Saturday, August 31.

— Rear Admiral F. M. Bunce and other officers banqueted at the Algonquin Club as guests of this city.

— Minister Ransom not allowed to draw his salary as Minister to Mexico until confirmed by the Senate.

— Farmer Leighton, of Franklin Falls, N. H., "buncoed" out of $3,500.

— Sixteen lives lost by the flooding of the Sleepy Hollow and Americus mines in Colorado.

— Twenty Cuban filibusters captured with boxes of arms on the Delaware coast.

— Cholera raging in Pekin; 40,000 deaths during August.

Monday, September 2.

— An earthquake shock felt in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania early Sunday morning.

— The new cruisers in the harbor visited by throngs of people.

— Mrs. Mary Ann Bush dies in Michigan at the age of 112.

— The 25th anniversary of the Battle of Sedan celebrated throughout Germany.

— An Italian riot in North Brookfield; one killed and several hurt.

— The Buffalo Academy of Music burned; loss over $250,000.

— Sixteen Chinamen thus far executed for the massacre of missionaries at Ku-cheng.

Children's Day and Its Collections.

SO many hundreds of letters laden with commendation for the "Golden Gate" program used on Children's Day and with kind words for the secretary have been received that a personal reply to each is impracticable. Will the brethren sending these letters kindly accept the cordial thanks of the writer, with the assurance of his high appreciation of these fraternal messages.

All will be glad to know that Children's Day was more largely observed than ever before, and that the program issued by the Board of Education this year was much more extensively used than any previous program, the sale falling not far if any below 800,000, which indicates an audience on that day of nearly or quite three millions of people, including the flower of the youth of the church. It is also gratifying to state that the collections already received show an advance upon last year.

The brethren will bear in mind that every dollar of this money is used in aiding worthy young people seeking an advanced education, and that there are more than fifteen hundred of such youths largely depending upon this aid to prosecute their studies the coming school year.

It will be better for all parties interested if all Children's Day collections, instead of being kept until Conference time, are forwarded immediately to the secretary, 150 Fifth Ave., New York city. A voucher will at once be given for the money, the individual church will thus receive credit in the published Annual Report of the Board, and the students in our schools will surely and speedily receive the benefit of the money raised for this most worthy cause.

C. H. PAYNE, Secretary.

Rev. G. W. Anderson, of Providence, R. I., will be glad to serve as a supply for churches, assist his ministerial brethren in revival work, or lecture upon reasonable terms, where it is desired.

MONEY FOR WOMEN!

In these hard times ladies as well as men should improve every opportunity to increase their bank accounts; and any man or woman can make from $10 to $20 a day, if they will only try. I have not made less than $20 clear, any day the past year, and I had no experience and not very good health. My husband assisted me evenings. I put notices of the Dish Washer in the papers, but do not canvass any. I have examined particularly all the Dish Washers made, and find the Climax decidedly the best. Address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, and they will tell you just how to run the business. Every family wants a Climax Dish Washer, and will buy as soon as they get a chance, as you can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes without wetting the hands. A READER.

AN OLD ACCOUNT BOOK.

Rev. Wm. F. English.

I HAVE before me the account book of an old-time itinerant preacher in New England. It is plain and unpretentious in appearance, as was its owner and his life, but affords on every page evidence of the care and conscientiousness of the man. The economic features of eleven years of service — 1843-53 — are clearly delineated upon its pages. As we look them over, we are first interested in the prices given of the main necessaries of life: Butter is put down at 10 to 18 cents per pound; eggs, 9 to 12 cents per dozen; lard, 9 cents per pound; potatoes, 25 to 40 cents a bushel; cheese, 4 to 8 cents per pound; soap, 4 cents per quart; chickens, 6 to 8 cents per pound; wheat, $1 to $1.50, oats, 30 to 40 cents, and rye and corn, 75 cents to $1 per bushel; while beef is so cheap that we do not dare to quote it, though quite probable it may not have been the most expensive pieces that found their way to the minister's table.

By the time we are ready to envy him the cheapness of the times in which his lot was cast we begin to notice the totals of receipts, called salary, for these years. The amounts vary considerably, and sometimes the amount received perversely holds itself back from the amount due and leaves a deficit, deplored alike no doubt by people and minister, but borne by the latter alone. The largest total received is $300; the smallest, $90.55; and the average of the eleven years is nearly $201. So we hardly feel like begrudging him the cheap groceries; with the wife and children to care for, and the horse to keep in good condition for the hard work of the circuit, he doubtless needed all these little helps and alleviations. Moreover, we notice that the smallness of the salary is compensated for in a peculiar way by the variety of the medium with which it is paid. Populism in currency is here applied and specialized far beyond the dreams of our Western reformers, and everything seems to turn up at last at the parsonage, or at least a sample of everything, and is duly credited as legal tender for church purposes. Groceries of all kinds, hay, grain, fruit, fish, flesh, fowl, cloth, shoes (for man and beast), thills for the wagon, boiled cider, cob-meal, soft soap, a "palm-leaf bonnet" (figuring at 75 cents), and a pumpkin and squash each taking the place of a nickel in currency, are among the articles enumerated with scrupulous exactitude and duly credited to their respective donors. Here and there (not often) mention is made of a small "gift," or "present," coming usually near the close of some year of service, and these, too, are duly credited in the salary account. Donation parties are also in evidence, where individual cash gifts range from three cents to five dollars, averaging nearer the former than the latter figure, and the food not consumed by the guests of the evening, carefully appraised, together with the supplies brought in, are all noted and help to swell the grand total of receipts for the year, as given above.

These sober and every-day facts in the life of our "itinerant" sound strange enough to us now. The conditions and circumstances of the country and the churches have changed much in all respects during the past fifty years. It does us good, however, to remember these former days, to appreciate the struggles, and recognize the heroism and self-sacrifice of those who laid well the foundations of our Christian institutions and made possible our present prosperity.

To me this old account book tells a story at once humorous, pathetic, and inspiring; it shows the church in its poverty almost literally bringing in its barley loaves to the Master for His blessing, and eloquently testifies of a consecration and willingness to endure hardship, on the part of the ministry, which is Christlike, apostolic, and not excelled in the annals of missionary enterprise.

Bishop Taylor and His Book.

THE publishers take unusual pleasure in announcing "The Story of My Life," by Bishop William Taylor. The book is autobiographical and complete — a faithful and graphic transcript of the life-work of one of the most remarkable characters of the century. Bishop Taylor is about to complete his seventy-fifth year. He is again in America, and is giving the finishing touches to the proofs of his life story. In "The Story of My Life" the Bishop has depicted, reviewed, and completed, in the natural and inimitable style which belongs to himself alone, the whole drama of his history. The story is at once instructive and inspiring.

The first division of the work is entitled, "Early Life and Trial Period in the Ministry." In this part he gives an account of his ancestry and boyhood; of his conversion and entrance into the ministry; of his experiences as circuit rider in Virginia; of his pastoral work at Georgetown, and his contact with the society of the capital. At this juncture he was transferred — we might almost say translated — by Bishop Waugh to California. Then follows the remarkable episode of his street preaching and religious work among the miners, the roughs, and outcasts, who in the fifth and sixth decades constituted almost the entire population of California. The picture of "Father Taylor," as he now began to be known, standing among this melange of peoples, preaching to all kinds of folk, from the wealthy and half-aristocratic mining nabobs to the gamblers of Poker Flat, is one of the most interesting and striking revelations in the personal history of this generation.

In the next part of the work we see William Taylor an evangelist in the old States and in Canada, then in England, and then in Australia. In that island continent his career, as shown in this "Story of My Life," was almost as marvelous as in California. At Melbourne and Sydney and Adelaide and many other places he encountered the same outcast elements of civilized society as he had found on our western coast. The dissemination of Gospel truth in these far parts was accomplished by William Taylor at a time when the penal colonies had not yet fully transformed themselves into States.

In the next department, "My Mission to South Africa," we have like scenes, but now for the first time among *a different race of men*. Here William Taylor began his preaching to barbarians; here he had his first contact with the lowest forms of human life; here he met the Bushmen and the Kaffirs, and began to teach and evangelize that race to which he has given the energies of fully eighteen years of his eventful life.

The work of William Taylor becomes world-wide. At length he is made Bishop of Africa. He becomes in a measure responsible for the new system of evangelization which he has tried with so much persistency in the Dark Continent. Only a month ago he returned from that country.

Bishop Taylor's book is copiously illustrated with original engravings prepared especially for the work by the great artist, Frank Beard. The pictures are faithful delineations of the strange scenes in which the author has been the leading figure.

Bishop Taylor may be nearing the end of his great career, but the man will continue to live and to preach long after his visible part shall have been hidden behind the curtain of death. His voice and his manner will, in this "Story of My Life," repeat themselves to the generations following. In a far-off time the echo of this greatest missionary's voice will be heard as the voice of one crying in the desert places of the world, saying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

The publishers announce "The Story of My Life" with confidence that the book will receive the heartiest reception at the hands of the Methodist people and of all religious people. The merely secular reader, as well as others, cannot fail to find in this autobiography of a great personage traces of a career which has its interest for all men of all races, and in all climes under the sun.

HUNT & EATON.

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"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

Dr. Cuyler, writing of "Evenings at Mohonk," in the *Evangelist*, says in his characteristically interesting and impressive way: —

"At these Sunday evening services of praise I have been struck with the beautiful catholicity of the hymn-book. The lions and the lambs lie down together in the hymnological pasture-grounds; Calvinist and Arminian forget all their controversies when they both join in shouting 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!' Protestant and Baptist alike can chant the old hymn that Saint Stephen of Saba first chanted eleven centuries ago. Two of our grandest hymns have a Unitarian parentage — 'In the cross of Christ I glory,' by Sir John Bowring, and 'Nearer my God to Thee,' by Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams. The father of English hymnology, Dr. Watts, was a Congregationalist, and the devout old blind lady who has furnished over two thousand hymns (of the Sankey school of music), Mrs. Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne, is a fervent Methodist. 'Just as I am without one plea,' was composed by an English Episcopalian; and 'My Jesus, as Thou wilt,' by a German Lutheran."

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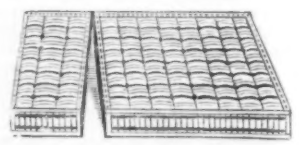

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